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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	785	CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Unionist Policy (Laurence W. Hod- son)	797	Professor Dicey's Preface	807
The Irish Dilemma	788	Mr. Asquith's "Substantial Majori- ties" (Richard Davison)	797	"A Lass Unparallel'd"	801
The Oil Debate	789	The Home Rule Bill (Dudley S. A. Cosby)	798	Edward Dowden	802
Labour and the Unionist Remedy	790	The Labour War (E. Wake Cook)	798	The Spirit of Russia	803
France and Her Army	791	Militant Outrages (Ada Shurmer)	798	The Ends of the World	803
Mr. Roosevelt as Explorer	792	The Friends and National Service (Charles Edwards Gregory)	799	Freak Religions	804
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		Queer Political Rumours	799	Novels	805
Miss Gregg: A Portrait. By Hugh Walpole	792	Village Words (S. C. Houston)	799	Latest Books	806
"Le Coq D'Or." By John Palmer	793	"Punch in the Presence of the Pas- senjare!" (Percy Fitzgerald)	799	Books Received	807
The Scottish Academy. By C. H. Collins Baker	794	Shakespeare Himself (His Honour Judge Evans)	800	FINANCE:	
Shakespeare Himself.—IV. By George A. B. Dewar	796	Laurence Irving	800	The City	808
VERSE:				Insurance: The Royal Exchange	810
Intima. By G. Rostrevor Hamilton	796				

The **SATURDAY REVIEW** for 27 June will include "The Citizen and the Soldier", by Mr. A. D. Godley, and "A Taste for Terror", by Mr. Gilbert Cannan.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

That there has been virtually no advance towards a settlement during the late recess is now admitted. Lord Crewe told the House of Lords on Tuesday that "some communications have passed between some of those who have been communicating in the past", and he mentioned Sir Edward Carson. But these "communications" never amounted to a "conversation". They merely had to do with the passing of a map. Is the Government, then, doing nothing whatever? It put off introducing the Amending Bill, and still delays it, on the ground that preliminary conversations might make it possible for the Bill to include terms of settlement. If conversations are not advancing, there is no further excuse for a day's delay. If no progress can privately be made, let it come at once to a public discussion. Let something be done. It is madness to continue the policy of drift.

Formal Parliamentary discussion upon an Amending Bill arbitrarily drawn will not take us far. Settlement is a matter for discussion between the leaders. If this crisis is to be successfully encountered the extremists of every section must be ignored. Mr. Asquith must break free of his alliance with Mr. Redmond. He must meet the problem on its merits, untroubled with thoughts of whipping up a party majority. Settlement can be no party triumph for any group in the House of Commons. It supposes that party motives have been set aside in order to fend off civil war by patriotic agreement. If Mr. Asquith were now to move courageously towards settlement independently of Mr. Redmond and his own extreme supporters he would take with him a majority of moderate men in the House. He would certainly take the country. Mr. Asquith is no longer bound to the Nationalists. He has paid in full for their support by passing the

Home Rule Bill through the Commons. Let him at last stand free as the leader of all who desire a peaceful and enduring settlement.

The appearance of the Irish Nationalist Volunteers, and the political use being made of them, emphasise yet more the need for settlement. Lord Robert Cecil on Tuesday adjourned the House to discuss the spectacle in Ireland of two bodies armed and arming to be independent of the Government. This is the practical result of playing for three years into the hands of Mr. Redmond's professional agitators. As a statesman Mr. Asquith must clearly have foreseen from the moment of Ulster's determination to resist that he must either compromise with Sir Edward Carson or deal with him as a conspirator. There were scores of middle ways for a political tactician; but there was no middle way for a statesman. Both these extreme paths would have led him to the country for support, and Mr. Asquith has feared to go. Only the way of compromise now remains; for the Government has virtually declared it will not proceed against either of the organised parties of resistance in Ireland. Lord Haldane has declared they are illegal and unconstitutional, but that it is inexpedient to notice the fact. Mr. Asquith must take the way of settlement or go shamefully to the country with Ireland on the edge of civil war and a confession that he cannot find a remedy.

Meantime Lord Lansdowne has declared the policy of the House of Lords. We predicted some weeks ago that the House of Lords would decide to read the Amending Bill a second time and consider it in Committee. This is far the wisest plan. The terms of the Amending Bill may be impracticable and not seriously intended to be final. But to reject it outright would give Radical electioneers in the country too obvious a chance falsely to describe the Lords as standing in the way of peace. The attitude of the Lords is that of every patriotic Unionist. "If, when this Amending Bill sees the light, we do not oppose it", said Lord Lansdowne on Tuesday, "it is for this reason, that, detesting Home Rule as we detest it, we should welcome anything which mitigated the hardships and

injustices which Home Rule will carry with it, which restricted the area over which Home Rule will operate, and also because, as citizens of this country, I hope not altogether devoid of patriotism, we are willing to sacrifice something in order to avoid the horrors of civil war".

Mr. Churchill, supported by Sir E. Grey, explained to the House of Commons on Wednesday the Admiralty plan for supplying the British Fleet with oil. It is now admitted that Great Britain must have easy and reasonable access to oil sources under British control. Mr. Churchill's plan is to invest over £2,000,000 in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The Persian field to be controlled by this company will be the principal source of the British Navy. The Admiralty will thus be able to get fuel from an accessible region at a reasonable rate, independently of the great trusts. Unfortunately, Mr. Churchill's speech on Wednesday leaves the impression that, in his anxiety to get his tanks cheaply and abundantly filled, he has neglected to weigh as scrupulously as he should the perils and difficulties of the project.

Mr. Churchill and Sir E. Grey equally made light of the damaging criticism which the Admiralty plan has provoked. Mr. Churchill has yet to justify his confidence. He is content to rely upon the oilfields of a region out of our military sphere. He is content to invest over £2,000,000 on the assumption that 150 miles of pipe-line, running through a district which is under no civilised control, are not at any moment liable to be cut or held to ransom. The tribesmen of the Persian wells will certainly not respect Great Britain as a shareholder unless Great Britain is also an army of occupation. Moreover, when the oil has safely arrived from the wells it has to be shipped to England by way of Africa or Suez. How, in time of war, will all these operations be successfully carried out in the face of an active enemy by land and sea? Mr. Churchill virtually admitted that, in time of war, the Persian supply would be cut off. Oil, he urged, could be had elsewhere. The Persian venture is primarily meant for the cheap maintenance of an oil reserve in time of peace.

We protest against the lightness with which these difficulties were dismissed. Sir E. Grey said it would be quite a simple matter to protect 150 miles of pipe-line—a statement which caused some laughter among members who know what Persia is like. Sir E. Grey's own experience of Persia as Foreign Secretary does not justify this confidence. It seemed as if Mr. Churchill, eager to get oil for the Navy quickly and cheaply, had taken Sir E. Grey with him before he had fully considered all that the plan entails. Is it worth while, *merely to get oil cheaply in time of peace*, to modify our foreign policy in Persia? Is Mr. Churchill, for example, prepared to lay upon the Navy the task of keeping an impregnable hold upon the Persian Gulf and to make British influence effective inland from the Persian coast? The Government speeches on Thursday were evasive and contradictory. They fell repeatedly upon a dilemma. If, as at one moment was argued, the Persian oil supply is not essential, why is the Government preparing to encounter the grave difficulties it will raise? If, on the other hand, it is absolutely indispensable, why is Sir E. Grey content to rely for the protection of these oil supplies upon the "neighbouring tribes"?

Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, which was to have been a great electioneering asset, has fallen flat in the country. Moreover, in the House of Commons it has roused criticism, and open revolt, among Liberal members. Twenty Liberals, including Mr. Holt, Sir Frederick Cawley, and Sir Charles Nicholson, interviewed the Prime Minister on Monday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer being significantly absent. Mr. Asquith sometimes is short with mutineers, but this particular group could not be easily quelled. Another meeting was held, at which a lengthy protest was drawn up, signed

by sixty-five Liberal members. It was decided to publish. Mr. Illingworth and the other Liberal Whips attempted to suppress the document on Wednesday night, but on this occasion their discipline was ineffectual. The Liberal protest against the Liberal Budget duly appeared in the newspapers on Thursday morning. The protest takes mainly the sound constitutional ground that the Budget raises more money than is required for the service of the year, and that the spending of part of this sum has not yet been allocated by legislation.

The general Budget scheme is condemned as "constitutionally objectionable, financially dangerous, and unfair to the taxpayer", from which the ratepayer may gain no relief and by which a dangerous precedent will be created, "prejudicial alike to proper finance and to the effective control of the House over national expenditure". Mr. Gibson Bowles, an acknowledged authority on constitutional finance, points out in the "Times" that even if the House of Commons desires to raise more money than is required for the service of the year, it has expressly deprived itself of the power to do so. He says it is the duty both of the Speaker and of the First Lord of the Treasury—Mr. Asquith—to see that the amounts voted in Supply and in Ways and Means tally. The Government apparently overlooked this point in its haste to construct a vote-catching Budget, and this is precisely the point raised by the Liberal critics.

Mr. Hobhouse appears to have enjoyed a cheap holiday at the expense of the Post Office. He occupied the ship used for repairing cables, invited a party of friends, inconvenienced the officers, and proceeded to spend the Whitsun holiday in Scottish waters. So pleasant was the experience that the vessel has been warned to be in readiness for other week-end trips of similar character. But the first episode has been discovered and made the subject of a question in Parliament. Mr. Hobhouse promptly blames the fog for preventing the cable ship going about its proper work.

The excuse is altogether too feeble. If Cabinet Ministers wish to go yachting they should pay for their yacht or get Parliament to provide one for the special use of departmental chiefs. This is done in the case of the Admiralty, and Mr. Churchill uses the "Enchantress" frequently for official purposes. There is not, we believe, any suggestion that he uses the vessel improperly or for private purposes, or that he turns officers out of their saloons. Mr. Hobhouse would be well advised to act in the same way. He is not big enough man to set a precedent, and the State does not want this kind of thing to become a precedent. It pays its servants adequately and expects them to do their work, not to hinder other people. If they must have a holiday they should really take it at their own expense.

French Governments, especially new French Governments, remind one very much of the great truth—in the midst of life they are in death. The contrast—just now at any rate—between French Governments and British Governments is very remarkable. It would appear as if the one great desire of the "advanced" sections or groups in France is to get the Government continually out, whereas, obviously, the one great desire of the advanced sections or various groups of logrollers in this country is to keep the Government constantly in. Yet payment of members exists in both cases; and—as everybody, we suppose, in this country knows quite well—it is payment of members which makes many of the advanced politicians here wish to see the Government in office as long as possible. But in France the thing works differently: the paid members are not in the same unease about losing their seats and their salaries through a Government defeat as they are here.

The one great question about M. Viviani's new Government, which—frankly—concerns the British

public is, Will or will not the Three Years' Service arrangement stand? There seems to be at least no immediate danger of M. Viviani's hands being forced by the extremists in this matter, despite the unpatriotic attitude of politicians like M. Combes and others. M. Augagneur, who holds a portfolio in the new Government, told his constituents at Lyons on Saturday that there was certainly no intention to return forthwith to the two years system—though he favours it himself. The Minister of Public Instruction even admits that the military position of France does really need strengthening. Set this beside the protest against the Three Years' Service which Lord Courtney of Penwith makes in the "Times" this week! Lord Courtney reproaches the Unionist Press for regretting the fall of M. Ribot's Government, would like to see the new patriotic French law swept away, and pleads for an entente between France and Germany.

Further, he refers to Lord Lansdowne as desiring a friendly attitude between Great Britain and Germany, protests against any force being organised in this country "as a pawn in the European game"—as if we were going to send a force to Walcheren or engage in some thirty years religious war!—and finally announces that "There is not going to be a war between Russia and Germany". As to the last, he is an immensely long-sighted man and an inspired prophet indeed who can announce definitely what wars between nations are to be or not to be. Foreign Offices and Embassies, we fear, rarely or never can boast such intelligences as these. They hope and believe—they so rarely can say they *know*. As to the ententes which Lord Courtney desires, we fear that when ententes grow too abundant they may lose their cordiality. Too many ententes may make for war, not peace.

The Balkan settlement is again in peril. In Albania there is war: between Turkey and Greece there is perilous and continual friction. The trouble in Albania is carefully watched from Rome and Vienna. Albania at once becomes an international problem when riot and rebellion break out. Prince William has, so far, had an unfortunate reign. First he was thwarted and impotent. His Vizier was faithless and his Vizier had knowledge and power. Now that the Prince has got rid of Essad, he is faced with rebellion and besieged in his capital.

Even more serious is the growing tension between Turkey and Greece. It has gradually become worse since the late war. At present both parties are ready to fight, and they have at least half-a-dozen excuses to begin. The Young Turks are bent on systematically colonising the cities of Asia Minor. They are pouring in Mahomedans and edging out the Greeks. They boycott the Greeks in trade and send their own people to crowd them from the cities. These incoming Turks are violent and aggressive. They are careful, so far, not to commit murder or rape. They do not want to call in the Powers. But anything may provoke an outbreak. The Greeks are equally full of fight. They have formally annexed Chios and Mytilene without waiting for the Powers to move. They thus hit the Turks where most the Turks are sensitive.

Mr. Roosevelt has come and gone, in the imagination of the public, like a whirlwind. He has brought Brazil to London and canoed us up the rapids of his own particular river, a river whose lesser tributaries or feeders of those tributaries would, no doubt, dwarf our old Thames to a beck or brook. Mr. Roosevelt is probably the most active and versatile man in public life to-day. Has he not at least as many interests as the German Emperor? He surely not only surveys things from Persia to Peru, but is ready to set out to do things from Persia to Peru. Just at present he is more interested perhaps in trees than in trusts; in trees, birds, beasts, snakes, alligators, and cat-fish—cat-fish which, in the forest rivers of South America, have a bad habit of trying to board small boats and partake of the food, human or other, they may espy therein.

Mr. Roosevelt, in short, is *nothing* at the moment if not a field naturalist. He is intensely interested and wrapt up in that subject.

A great deal of nonsense is talked and written of Mr. Roosevelt. The popular thing is to represent him as a "burster". It is supposed by many people that in private conversation he makes remarks that are in themselves considerable speeches, and that he bears down all other occasional talkers as by a heavy flood. It is quite a delusion, of course, though it is a delusion which will not be dispelled. Mr. Roosevelt does not make remarks as long as short speeches by himself or by Lord Haldane. He certainly has a lively flow of spirits, and conversation does not flag when he is of the company. But he by no means "holds forth" to the exclusion of everyone but himself. He can listen, enquire, draw out other talkers and even somewhat subdued or silent people. Nor is he oracular, nor fond of laying down the law. His vitality is extraordinary. Was it Mr. Gladstone who held that energy begets energy? The case of Mr. Roosevelt certainly seems to support the theory. It seems as if the more he does, the more he can do.

Mr. Roosevelt described his river on Tuesday as "about the length of the Elbe or Rhine". That river, as Mr. Roosevelt tells us, is now on the map in the sense that the Niger, Congo and Mackenzie are on the map. It has not, of course, been surveyed; but it has been located by the stars and roughly mapped. "We surveyed about a degree after we saw it, and then it became impossible if we were to get out at all."

"Get out alive" was what Mr. Roosevelt really meant. This was never altogether a certainty. Here is a brief chapter of the tale: "They had used up four-fifths of their food and they had only gone one-sixth of the distance they had to go. In one case a whirlpool came down, upsetting a canoe. Two men were saved, though they were almost lost, and a third man was drowned. Under the strain some of the men began to be doubtful whether they were going to get out, and one began to steal the food, which, as everyone in the wilderness knew, was the cardinal sin—a sin which really ought to be punished capitally, for to steal food was to steal life. One of the men caught the thief in the act, and smacked him in the face, and he was punished again by another man, and, after brooding over the affair, he murdered the first man who had struck him and went off into the wilderness". Here is enough to show what exploring really means.

Signor Marinetti has put his foot in it. The chosen young men on whose behalf he begs the indulgence of the British public seem disposed to repudiate him none too civilly. He used the address of the Art Rebel clique without authorisation; the Rebels fear lest their views become confused with his. All very grave and momentous, this, and possibly a good advertisement. At the same time the perils of taking oneself too seriously and becoming a bore may outweigh the profits of advertisement. Reverting to Signor Marinetti's scorn of long hair and sombreros, it is a fact that these are outward signs of many of his favourites' genius. These original Rebels have assumed the fashions discarded by Academicians of fifty years ago. Mr. F. Dicksee, R.A.'s, chief complaint against them is that they aim at all the glory and do none of the serious work.

Though in general disinclined for politics, Dowden, whose letters we deal with this week, was a lifelong and consistent opponent of Home Rule. "I feel", he wrote in 1886, "that our moral and intellectual isolation and provinciality would be increased by the repeal of the Union; and I have no doubt, too, that it would precipitate a struggle between ultramontanist and spiritual anarchy, which would tend to efface the *mi-parti* in which I think truth and wisdom tend to reside." At the present time, when any light upon this question should be welcome, no apology is needed for recalling the opinion of so eminent and sane an Irishman as Edward Dowden.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE IRISH DILEMMA.

THE political interest of the week centres in the debates on the Irish question in both Houses on Tuesday. The Government have not disclosed how they propose to deal with the situation. Lord Crewe announced that the Amending Bill will be introduced in the House of Lords on Tuesday next. He gave no indication of its contents, but as no agreement has been reached, the statement made by Mr. Lloyd George before the Whitsun recess and confirmed by the Prime Minister holds good—that it will merely consist of the original proposal for the temporary exclusion of Ulster by counties. Lord Crewe made the remarkable statement that he could not consider it really important in what precise form the Amending Bill is introduced, and that he did not expect the House of Lords to send it down to the House of Commons without amendment. We have before commented on the futility of asking the House of Lords to give their opinion on proposals which have not been before the House of Commons, and it appears to be sheer waste of time to draft an Amending Bill which satisfies no one, and is put forward on the understanding that it will be immediately altered out of all recognition. Nothing shows more clearly the muddle which exists in the Cabinet than Lord Crewe's reply to the charge that five weeks have elapsed without any further negotiations with the Opposition. Lord Crewe said:—"Some attempts of the kind mentioned have been made during the short period of holiday that has taken place. . . . I understand some communication has taken place with Sir Edward Carson". The only inference to be drawn is that the Government had reopened negotiations, either verbal or written, with Sir Edward Carson on the subject of the Amending Bill. When the matter was raised in the House of Commons later in the evening Mr. Asquith threw over Lord Crewe, and said that the communication in question was private and had nothing to do with the subject under discussion. Sir Edward Carson himself has since informed the Press that during the conversations which took place before Whitsun, and were announced in the Press at the time, he was asked if he could produce a map showing the relative positions of the parties in Ulster. He promised to send one, and during the holidays he received a letter asking for it. A map was sent, and he was promised a similar one in return. That is the only "communication" that has been made. The incident is not so trivial as it appears. It is important to know why Lord Crewe should magnify it into an attempt to renew negotiations on the Amending Bill. He had to answer the charge that the Government continue to drift without any serious attempt to find a solution. We cannot believe that he should deliberately attempt to deceive the House on a matter of such importance. Evidently he was misinformed. It is almost incredible that the chief representative of the Government in the House of Lords should be ignorant of the real position, but so it appears. The incident indeed suggests that the Government have some fresh scheme in mind, which Lord Crewe erroneously believed Mr. Asquith had communicated to Sir Edward Carson. In no other way is it possible to account for Lord Crewe's mistake—unless he was deliberately misleading. He will have an opportunity to explain himself on Tuesday on the introduction of the Amending Bill. We trust he will avail himself of it.

The debate in the House of Commons showed more clearly than on any previous occasion the weak position of the Government, and their inability to escape from their dilemma between Mr. Redmond and Ulster. The development of the Nationalist Volunteers is the price they have to pay for their policy of drift. Mr. Birrell was the only Minister who spoke. His whole speech was a confession of impotence. The Government have done nothing to check either the Ulster Volunteers or the Nationalist Volunteers. There is nothing they

dare do. The situation becomes more menacing every day. While we still desire, as we always have desired, to find a solution, if only a temporary one, by which a conflict may be avoided, we begin to doubt whether that is not fast becoming impossible. The claims of Ulster and of Mr. Redmond are absolutely irreconcilable, and if each party to the dispute is prepared to back argument by force a collision is inevitable. We demur, however, to a common impression that the Nationalist Volunteers constitute a fighting force. It is naturally the policy of the Nationalist Party and their friends to exaggerate their present importance. The Nationalist Volunteers are of no military value, and never can be until they have competent military leaders, are properly organised, disciplined, and armed. In the meantime they would be worse than useless for war purposes, but, on the other hand, may develop at any moment into predatory and destructive bandits.

The formation of the Nationalist Volunteers following on the Ulster Volunteers is the strongest argument against Home Rule. It reduces to absurdity the suggestion of a United Ireland. A united nation is incompatible with two contending armies within its borders. The dream of "a nation once again" is made ridiculous if Ireland is divided into two armed camps composed of men whose ideals are bitterly opposed. As pointed out by Lord Robert Cecil in the House of Commons, the existence of Nationalist Volunteers also puts an end to the fallacy that the Home Rule Bill contains adequate safeguards for the protection of Protestants and Unionists. Mr. Devlin has declared that the Nationalist Volunteers will be a permanent force to secure that Home Rule, if once established, shall not be taken away by a subsequent Government. They will remain a standing menace to the rights of the minority. It has always been the contention of Liberals that the observance of law and order and the protection of Protestants and Unionists is safeguarded by the Imperial control of the Army and, for six years, of the Royal Irish Constabulary. If the Nationalist majority in the Dublin Parliament are to have at their command a large permanent force in the Nationalist Volunteers this security vanishes—the safeguards become illusory.

As we foresaw, Mr. Redmond has not had much difficulty in capturing the Volunteer organisation. The Provisional Committee of the Nationalist Volunteers have reluctantly consented to the nomination of twenty-five members to the Committee by the Nationalist Parliamentary Party. As some ten of the existing Committee already support him, he is now assured of the control of the force. It is said that Mr. Redmond feels himself embarrassed by the existence of the Volunteers—that it is his ultimate intention to break them up, and that it is for that reason he has acquired control. We doubt very much whether this view is correct, and even if it expresses Mr. Redmond's personal opinions, Mr. Devlin and Mr. Dillon, with their more extreme views, welcome the new movement. In any event Mr. Redmond has acquired an *hereditas damnosa*. His association with the Volunteers will be embarrassing. They are determined on a United Ireland, and will rigorously oppose the enlargement of the exclusion proposals. Nominally Mr. Redmond has captured the Volunteers—in fact, the Volunteers have got Mr. Redmond into their net. By his own action he has fettered himself and prevented his party from making any terms which will satisfy Ulster. The nominal control by the Nationalist Party cannot prevent an open rupture if wider terms of exclusion are accepted. The effect of the manoeuvre is, therefore, to complete the deadlock. As we have frequently pointed out, there has hitherto always been a possibility that if Mr. Redmond were faced with the alternative of a General Election or agreeing to terms which would satisfy Ulster he would take the latter course rather than lose the Home Rule Bill altogether. By allying himself with the Volunteers he has closed the door to further concessions. On the other hand, the failure of the Government to make up their minds shows that they at last appreciate the gravity of the

situation. They realise that the coercion of Ulster is not practical politics. Mr. Redmond has put himself in such a position that he cannot give way. We are therefore brought to the position which we have frequently predicted—that an early General Election is unavoidable.

THE OIL DEBATE.

WHATEVER else may be said of the Government's agreement with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, it has not yet been seriously and effectively justified. It was argued in the House on Wednesday like Home Rule, or the New Delhi, or Mr. Lloyd George's Marconi investment, or any of the Budgets of the last five years. That is to say, Ministers have talked of the facts like advocates, and not like business men. They have based their justification entirely on "bull" points. They have ignored or minimised all adverse factors. They have not counted the ultimate cost or estimated the remoter risks involved. It looks as if Mr. Churchill has pursued the matter solely as an Admiralty bargain, without regard to larger considerations. That is natural enough. But the facility with which Sir Edward Grey has lent himself to the policy is more surprising. He, of all men, should have some appreciation of the political possibilities of a step which may easily end in throwing Middle Eastern affairs into hopeless confusion and adding an enormous burden to the nation's responsibilities. Yet he smiles invincible optimism. He resolutely anticipates the best in a part of the world where his experience should have taught him to expect only the worst. The worst, of course, may not happen. There seems to be such a thing as gambler's luck. But it is quite certain that the Government has defended its enterprise in a spirit not far removed from levity, and that it is taking risks not adequately explained to the House of Commons or to the country.

From a purely business point of view, no doubt much may be said for the plan adopted with such impetuous levity. Oil we must have for the Navy, and it is highly desirable that the Admiralty should not be at the mercy of the great trusts which use to the full their control over the world's supply. We have no wish, indeed, to enter into a consideration of Mr. Churchill's denunciations of this or that monopolist. After all, capitalists are not in the oil business "for their health", and if they are good business men the advisers of the Admiralty are likewise not, or should not be, simple fledglings in these matters. Oil, like other things, is worth what it will fetch. At the same time, if the nation can buy its oil more cheaply by controlling a commercial undertaking, there is every reason that it should do so. The point whether a good bargain or a bad bargain has been made with the Anglo-Persian Company is really of comparatively small importance. Nor is the sum at stake—some two million sterling—anything very formidable in an age when Chancellors of the Exchequer sport with hundreds of millions. The true issue is wholly political. What Ministers had chiefly to consider was the wisdom of embarking on an enterprise which must bind them to a certain policy in Persia, and may involve them in responsibilities of a character which they seem scarcely able to appreciate. The actual sources of supply in Persia are situated where they can only be defended by land forces. They lie in the midst of a wild country where there is no law but that of force. There is complete absence of central control; the warlike tribes spend their whole lives in fighting and robbery, and laugh at the nominal authority of Teheran. For years British trade has suffered in these regions from every kind of violence. Merchandise has been looted. Life has been repeatedly taken. Yet Sir Edward Grey has remained inactive. He has taken the view that almost anything is preferable to military intervention in Southern Persia with its possible consequences. He has made futile appeals to Teheran, appeals equally futile to the tribesmen. He once went as far as to send an Indian force to Shiraz, but would not permit the troopers to fire a shot in their own defence. This excessive caution has been con-

demned in some quarters as timidity, in others it has been exalted as the highest wisdom. The question need not be discussed here. What is to the point is that, after so many years of masterly inaction, Sir Edward Grey now talks quite light-heartedly of the task of defending the oil wells and guarding 150 miles of pipe line running through country harried by fierce Bakhtiari and subject to the incursions of this most turbulent of Arab tribes. It would be interesting to know exactly what has occurred to bring about this remarkable change in the Foreign Minister's estimate of Southern Persian problems.

His gay optimism is assuredly not shared by critics with a knowledge of local conditions. Mr. George Lloyd's searching analysis of the situation leaves no reasonable man in doubt as to the immensity of the task involved. The Navy obviously cannot undertake the defence of the wells and pipe lines. It is useless to appeal to Persia in case of attack. Teheran has no effective power over the tribesmen. Russia can scarcely be asked to send her Cossacks from the north to look after British interests. We cannot ask for help from the Turkish Army Corps at Baghdad. Is the Indian Government to undertake the duty? If so, how is India to be enabled to shoulder these new and immense responsibilities, far greater than those which four years ago Lord Kitchener declined to accept with the force at his disposal? These are serious and pertinent questions; and they are in no way answered by Sir Edward Grey's light and cheerful comment. According to the Foreign Minister, in his new rôle of incorrigible optimist, the defence of these 150 miles of pipe line would not be a very formidable operation if the worst came to the worst; it would only be a matter of two brigades. Really we cannot accept with unquestioning respect the opinions of Sir Edward Grey on matters of strategy. The mere task of keeping marauding tribesmen at a distance in these savage surroundings would be far from inconsiderable. But there are much more grave questions in the background than this sort of police duty. It is mere folly to ignore the plain fact that if we are to go into Western Persia we must be prepared to make our ground good, not only against warlike vagabond tribes, but against all comers. The operations of defence to which Sir Edward Grey refers must take place outside the British sphere of influence; and the permanent presence of British troops in the neutral zone must sooner or later give rise to questions which are much better not raised. Mr. Churchill at least seems to contemplate exploitation on the vast scale. He glories in the "oil potentialities of a petroliferous area about half a million square miles in extent, or nearly as big as France and Germany put together", apparently extending from the confines of India to the shores of the Persian Gulf. If effective protection is to be given ultimately to enterprises controlled by the British Government in large and scattered areas, only one policy is possible; and we must be prepared to carry out that policy in the face of any opposition. Can any sane Imperialist, let alone the peace-at-any-price Radical, convince himself that this game is worth the candle? It would mean, at any rate, sacrifices which the British democracy have shown no urgent desire to make. We cannot believe His Majesty's Ministers contemplate any such grandiose scheme. There is indeed no evidence as yet that they have looked deeply into the problems involved. Have they really considered the effect of their policy on the Anglo-Russian Convention and the possibility of the Power which has Northern Persia already in its grip taking advantage of the new situation? Sir Edward Grey's only reply to critics on that point is the repetition of platitudes concerning the cordiality of our relations with St. Petersburg. But is there any guarantee that those relations will be eternal? Is it not the ambition of every true Radical to make bad blood between ourselves and Russia? In any case, good friends or bad, we cannot be shocked if the Russians take any opportunity that presents itself of advancing further to the south. The whole business, in whatever light regarded, presents dangerous possibilities. Mr.

Churchill's bargain may secure us oil in sufficient quantities. But it seems only too possible that it may also land us into a peck of troubles in the Middle East, involving a maximum of annoyance and a minimum of advantage. The cheapest oil supply is dear on such terms.

LABOUR AND THE UNIONIST REMEDY.

THE Unionist Social Reform Committee, which has already done much excellent work, has broken new ground this week by issuing a report on industrial unrest. Faced as we are with the threat of serious labour troubles this autumn and the prospect of a still more considerable industrial crisis next year, both the report and the remedies it proposes deserve to be carefully considered. It is unfortunate that the habitual opportunism of English public life and the traditional aversion or inability of our statesmen to look ahead make politicians impatient of solutions framed in advance and chary of attempts to prevent rather than to cure. The policy—if it deserves the name—of masterly inactivity, or, in plain words, the policy of drift, which the present Government have elevated or reduced to a high art, is characteristic in greater or less degree of every administration; it is a welcome sign of an attempt to reach something better when the younger members of a party which is not in power formulate a constructive policy of their own. They may not succeed in controlling events—few statesmen can boast of that high measure of success—but at least they escape the ignominy of floating with the stream and pretending that they direct its course.

Any attempt to frame a constructive policy for a party must always challenge criticism. It will perhaps be well if we summarise the chief points of the suggestions made by the Committee, stating where we agree with them and in what measure we diverge. Their preliminary rejection of compulsory arbitration as a means of settling labour disputes was almost inevitable. The original experiment on these lines was made by Mr. Pember Reeves in New Zealand nearly twenty years ago. It is notorious that that law has not succeeded in preventing strikes, while it has altogether failed in its implied intention of preventing industrial disputes. That, however, is not the real ground of objection to compulsory arbitration: the fundamental reason against its adoption as a solution of labour disputes is that England hates compulsion. The English working-man, with a jealous regard of his own personal freedom—which has already been encroached on by the present Government in the Insurance Act and other compulsory measures—intends to retain in his own hands the right to strike as the ultimate and, in his belief, his most effectual method. The strike may be a double-edged weapon which occasionally turns against himself, but at least it is a weapon. The Socialist doctrine of the right to work is far less near to the heart of the British working man than the old Trade Unionist doctrine of the right to cease work.

In its rejection of compulsory arbitration, therefore, the report shows its practical character, and attests its claim to produce solutions which can be carried into effect to-morrow, and not ideal conceptions which have no relation to political or industrial reality. If the British working man will not have compulsory arbitration it is no use forcing it upon him. It would be rejected at the first opportunity. Mere negation of the wrong remedy, nevertheless, will not do. The Committee, recognising the need of constructive work, and admitting, too, that the public must have its say in the huge strikes and lockouts of the day, puts forward its own remedy. It assumes—and we think it is right in assuming—that of the two rival Labour theories, of offensive and defensive strategy, Trade Unionism is the permanent factor and Syndicalism is a transient ebullition, as embarrassing to the Trade Unionist whose orderly methods it derides as to the employer with whom it breaks agreements. Contracts are contracts, agreements must be kept, and Trade Unionism, in

recognising this elementary fact which the Syndicalists deny, engages in civilised warfare with the employer where the Syndicalist neither asks nor gives quarter. As industry, after all, has to be carried on, as men must live, as the work of the world has to be got through in one way or another, the Trade Unionist who guarantees his work for a definite future period is at an enormous advantage over the Syndicalist, who barely guarantees his work for the day.

Disciplined Trade Unionism must, therefore, be reckoned with on the one hand, the employer or association of employers on the other; and when these come into conflict, as they inevitably will on occasion, then the Committee advise a modification and extension of the Lemieux Act, which has had considerable success in Canada. The Lemieux Act applies only to disputes in what are known as public utility services; the Unionist Committee, rightly recognising that an exact definition of what is and what is not a public utility is impossible, would apply its proposals to all industrial disputes. Its idea is that a Commissioner under the Board of Trade would be appointed as permanent industrial peacemaker; and in the event of a strike occurring which, in his opinion, was of sufficient importance to merit official intervention, he would be given statutory authority by Parliament to intervene, and to appoint a Board of Conciliation and Investigation. The Board would consist of three members, one appointed on the recommendation of the employers, one on that of the employed, the third chosen as chairman by the other two, or if these fail to agree on the choice of the third, the third member of the Board would be appointed by the Commissioner himself. The Board would act in semi-judicial capacity, having the power to examine witnesses (and presumably, although the report does not make this point, the right of examining relevant papers and records, with powers to determine what was relevant to the issue), and its duty would be to endeavour to bring about an agreement by conciliation, and if conciliation failed, to make a public recommendation for the settlement of the dispute. The last is the important point. The Committee does not advise that the recommendation of the Board should be enforced, since that would look like compulsory arbitration; it relies entirely on the good sense of the parties concerned and on the pressure of public opinion. As to this we have only to say that we put more faith in the latter than the former. Good sense is not always conspicuous in these disputes, and obstinacy is seen both among employers and employed. But the pressure of public opinion is usually strong—that is, supposing the dispute is of sufficient magnitude to inconvenience the public—and the effect on those who would not arbitrate or refused to accept the award would be to put them in the wrong. It would place them in the same position as the prisoner who refuses to go into the witness-box—it would prejudice them with the jury. There is, of course, the underlying assumption that the Commissioners deciding the case would be as impartial as a criminal court.

Our main criticism of this part of the report would be that it only operates after the event; it may end, but it does nothing to prevent a strike. The patient is to consult the doctor, not when he begins to feel ill, but when he is already so ill that he has to cease work. Possibly the Committee would retort upon us that the only means of prevention would be compulsory arbitration, which gives rise to greater evils than an occasional strike. But we confess we are not satisfied that that is the only alternative. We think it would have been wise had the Committee given more attention to profit-sharing and co-operation between master and man as a means of preventing trouble. Their report does little more than glance at these ideas, to dismiss them in a few words or sentences. We recognise the difficulties of putting each method into practical working use, and the fact that co-operation is being increasingly practised in agriculture does not necessarily prove, as some of its advocates claim, that it will be so successful in the great urban industries of the country. But at least this field should have been more thoroughly

explored by the Committee; the superficial survey they give is of no value.

On another point we are inclined to reject their conclusions. They advocate the minimum wage, first for public utility services, afterwards to be extended to the whole field of industry. But the Committee have not refuted the very serious objections, both theoretical and practical as well as historical, against the minimum wage, nor have they touched the fact that in most trades of any standing, and particularly in public utility services, there is in effect a standard wage already in existence, which is often higher than any absolute minimum could be fixed. The underlying ideal, that a State should fix a certain standard of existence for its citizens, is excellent, but in practice economic circumstances have more part in the fixing of that standard than any determination of a standard by statute. And in any event a casual and unavoidable rise in prices, such as that of the last few years, would utterly destroy the reality of any minimum wage, which, of course, can only be fixed in the variable standard of money and not of real wages. It is the purchasing power of wages that matters to the wage-earner, and it is the diminishing purchasing power of wages that has been at the bottom of much of the recent labour trouble, quite as much as the concurrent rise in the standard of comfort in all classes. For these reasons alone we hope the Unionist Party will hesitate long before it adopts this part of the energetic Social Reform Committee's report as its fighting policy.

FRANCE AND HER ARMY.

BEFORE referring to the surprising upshot of the political crisis in France, let us address ourselves to the question naturally uppermost in the mind of the foreign observer. Is the Three Years' Law safe? In our opinion it is safe. Certainly it is not in any immediate danger from the present Chamber. The debate on Tuesday turned mainly on the Army Law, unlike the debate on the previous Friday, in which it was barely mentioned; in particular M. Jaurès devoted a speech of courage and power to the advocacy of a two years' army with strong territorial reserves, on the lines worked out in his well-known book. Finally, a specific question was put to the new Prime Minister. Would he release the 1913 recruits—the first class to come under the new law—at the expiry of two years' service? M. Viviani's reply was unequivocal. If he were still in office at the date in question, October 1915, he would certainly retain the men with the colours for their third year. After hearing this explicit declaration the Chamber voted its confidence in the new Ministry by a majority of over 200. No other opinion was possible, and no other opinion would have been expressed last week had a vote then been taken on the military issue. This follows from the fact that the deputies, fresh as they are from contact with the electorate, know the feeling of the country too well to risk re-opening the general question. Apart from a Syndicalist minority in the towns, the French people are convinced of the necessity of the Three Years' Law; the conviction is especially strong in the communes, and it is the 40,000 communes of France that really determine French opinion. When we say that the Law is safe we are thinking not so much of Tuesday's vote as of the state of public feeling behind it. To this we have only to add one small qualification. The rapidity with which Germany carried through her new military organisation appears to have taken the French War Office somewhat by surprise. In their haste to counter the German move the French authorities took their additional men too quickly. There was a lack of barrack accommodation, and the sickness rate among the troops went up owing to overcrowding. The blunder produced a natural reaction in the country against a Government wasteful of French lives and helped to give the extremists votes at the recent elections. We refer to it now, because it has provided the opponents

of the Law's principle with an opportunity of embarrassing Ministers by attacks on its operations in detail. These opportunities will not be sacrificed, and it is therefore well that the true significance of the attacks should be appreciated.

It may be objected that the position of the Three Years' Law must, after all, be less secure than it was a fortnight ago, since M. Viviani has now been able to give the Radicals guarantees which he was unable to promise then, and since a strong and patriotic Ministry has been dramatically overthrown in the meantime. The objection brings us to consider the subterranean manoeuvres which have introduced so much confusion into French politics of late, and which have transformed the whole situation within a few hours, much to the embarrassment of commentators whose criticisms, sound enough when they were written, were yet rendered worthless by telegraphic reports received as soon as they were in print. The intrigues to which we refer have no bearing on the position of France in Europe. They were part of a personal campaign against the President, and have certainly succeeded in lowering his prestige. It will be remembered that, on learning of M. Viviani's initial failure to satisfy the Radicals, M. Poincaré, believing that a direct attack was about to be made on the Army Law, brought about the formation of the Ribot-Delcassé Ministry, which excluded not only the Extremists but also the waverers. But before this Ministry met the Chamber the waverers explained their true reason for refusing support to M. Viviani. They did not object to the three years; what they objected to was the reason assigned for maintaining the longer period. The Viviani formula had stated that the prospects of a revision of the Law depended on the future military measures taken by foreign States, and these excellent patriots felt it derogatory to French pride for France to assert that her defence policy was not in her own hands, but was forced upon her from abroad. Hence their refusal to support a Government so deficient in proper self-confidence. It was a clever line to take, and if, as is reported, it was suggested by M. Caillaux, we have another instance of the amazing cleverness of that sinister personage. What is more, it succeeded beyond expectation. It completely misled the President, and it so impressed the Chamber that the intriguers who had hoped for a majority of one found themselves with a majority of forty. This they owed to the skill with which they handled the parliamentary situation. They were at pains to avoid discussion of the military issue. Instead they call attention to the over-representation of the Delcassé group in the Ministry, and with delightful effrontery drove their attack on the President home with an expression of regret that the Cabinet did not sufficiently combine the various elements of the United Republican Left. After that it only remained to clear up the misunderstanding. The reference to the policy of foreign States was replaced by a reference to the requirements of national defence—the two coming, of course, to precisely the same thing—and M. Viviani found his path smooth before him.

The new Ministry's reception has been none too cordial, and the critics are predicting that its life will be short. We need not now discuss its prospects, but we would venture, as well-wishers of France, upon the hope that the country may be spared further political turmoil for a little while. We say this not because we have any fear of an Extremist Ministry, but because the present financial position constitutes a danger—we had almost written a scandal—and should be dealt with at once. Ever since its establishment the Republic has presumed too far on the latent wealth of France, and has never troubled to produce a proper budget. Expenditure has been voted because it is easy to spend, and taxes have not been voted because it is easy to borrow. The result has been a series of deficits, and now the cost of the operations in Morocco makes it impossible for any Government to go on living in the old hand-to-mouth fashion by the issue of Treasury bills. That there must be an immediate loan is generally agreed. But

what is to happen after the loan? Can France continue in the old system with all its evils? For ten years it has been clear that something ought to be done, and there has been much talk of an income-tax as the best and most certain way out of the difficulty. M. Viviani puts direct taxation in the forefront of his programme, and if the politicians could only agree to drop their manoeuvres until this grave question has been settled they would render a real service to their country. Hence our hope that the Chamber may enter on a period of quiet legislative work; but we admit it to be a hope which at present stands in poor prospect of fulfilment.

MR. ROOSEVELT AS EXPLORER.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S vivid narrative before the Royal Geographical Society does not seem altogether to have killed the foolish affectation of regarding his Amazonian exploration as a rich jest. The levity of much of the comment on his engrossing story is scarcely creditable to our reputation for good sense and good manners. There may be an element of humour in the discovery of the "River of Doubt" by the one man of the modern world for whom doubt is thought not to exist. Like Macaulay, Mr. Roosevelt seems more sure of everything—except why certain beasts are "protectively" coloured!—than most men are of anything; and it is only natural that people of slower and less vivacious brain should seek consolation in the reflection that he who so imperiously assumes all knowledge as his province should be something of a pretender. It must be confessed, too, that the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is perpetually being talked about is a little disconcerting. It cannot be always his own fault. For example, it is certain that he did not consciously contrive to be shot by a lunatic during his last election campaign. Yet this marvellous habit of occupying the centre of the stage upsets all our little theories concerning those who dwell perpetually in the limelight. The eternally conspicuous man is so often a windy, unsubstantial person that we are apt to do less than justice to those who seek not the illumination of the lantern of notoriety but are obsequiously followed by it. There are some people still who look on the German Emperor as mainly a theatrical posture-maker. The same class of mind finds it hard to understand how Mr. Roosevelt can fill so much space in the papers and remain the reality he in fact is.

The truth is that "the Colonel", as American journalists love to call him, is a man not to be measured by an inch-tape. He belongs to the tiny minority for whom our common rules fail to provide. His type was never very common, and is now all but extinct. Old Greece and Old Rome knew the breed well. It thrived in Renaissance Europe. Elizabethan England produced some of its finest examples. Its main characteristic is an insatiable appetite, an immense gust for life. It wants to taste every experience, and is not content with a sip only, but quaffs the goblet in great satisfying gulps. It finds equal joy in a Court cabal, in the sober work of administration, in the writing of a sonnet, in the fighting of a duel. In fact, all life is a duel to a man of this kidney. He attacks a Greek philosopher in the same spirit that he fights a Spanish galleon, or leads an exploring party through antres vast and deserts idle. And he will never lack adventures. He will find them at the Capitol or at the British Local Government Board in the twentieth century just as easily as on the Spanish Main in the sixteenth. In most strange modern guise Mr. Roosevelt is really spiritual brother to Walter Raleigh. He is gentleman adventurer to the fingertips. Fighting Spaniards in Cuba, or trust bosses in New York, hunting big game in East Africa, flourishing the "big stick" of the Monroe doctrine, giving "Bull Moose" election speeches for three months on end, decreeing the "nu speling" or laying down the law to "race suicides", Mr. Roosevelt is the fighting man, with whom the joy of battle is the main thing, and the *casus belli* a matter of secondary importance.

He has enjoyed it all immensely, just as he enjoyed the rapids, and the monkey-meals, and the carnivorous fish of his Brazilian odyssey. It is only in the nature of things that his famous river should be as long as the Rhine. One cannot imagine Mr. Roosevelt discovering a mere Thames or Severn. Big things will happen to a man made on so big a plan. Fate has a nice sense of dramatic unity in these matters. If Mr. Roosevelt, like Raleigh, arrived at a State prison, we may be sure that his leisure would be occupied by no less a subject than the history of the world. It would be a good history of its kind, too. Plodding specialists would no doubt scent out many inaccuracies. They would complain, perhaps, that there was too much Roosevelt. But the book would be interesting, a big, strenuous book, with the swash of a broadsword in its critical passages.

It is the tame, home-keeping man's failure to understand the Roosevelt type that leads him to giggle over foolish depreciation of the ex-President's exploring feats. The Scotts, the Shackletons, the Seton-Karrs—approved and accredited voyagers in the inane—these everybody understands. But that a man shall one day be head of a great State, another day eagerly writing articles and books, and yet again setting out light-heartedly on a dangerous excursion into the unknown—"jumping at the chance"—this is something quite outside ordinary experience, and the assumption that the exploration was after all nothing but a mere holiday jaunt is welcomed by people who feel their own manhood affronted by Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary powers of body and mind. There is no excuse for maintaining this grudging and foolish attitude. Interested political opponents in America may, if they choose, continue to poke fun at the Amazonian discoveries. But here Mr. Roosevelt, after his simple and convincing narrative, should be secure against buffoonery, and should receive from the public the same generous appreciation learned geographers have already expressed concerning his very notable achievement. The exact appraisal of his discovery may be left to the informed in such matters. There is nothing extraordinary in finding a new river in a vast region so imperfectly known as the upper Amazon valley. It should be enough for the ordinary man that Mr. Roosevelt has added in several important particulars to civilised man's knowledge of the untracked South American wilderness, and that he has given fresh proofs of a courage and an endurance that adds lustre to our common Anglo-Saxondom—so far, that is, as either nation has any of the Anglo-Saxon left in it.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

MISS GREGG: A PORTRAIT.

BY HUGH WALPOLE.

MISS GREGG is dead; she died a week ago. In Rafael she will not be actively, consciously missed by anyone, but it will be as though some small, familiar detail in the general picture has been rubbed away; her black, shapeless, bonneted figure will no longer pass, with its hesitating, stumbling movement, along the cobbles between the white, high walls of the winding street. She had lived for thirty years in two little rooms above Chard's sweet-shop. The front room that was her sitting-room was square-shaped, with rafters and little bottle-glass windows—a quaint, picturesque place. Happily for Miss Gregg there was exactly opposite her windows a space between two houses; hence, over a low white wall, she could gaze straight on to a square patch of harbour, and beyond that the harbour-wall, then the passage between the Bede Rocks, and at last the open sea . . . a fine view for any old lady.

It was sitting up at the little bottle-glass windows that she would paint her terrible sketches. Over and over again she would use the same view—the harbour,

the rocking boats, the line of white cottages that ran steeply up the hill on the left, the narrow passage between the jagged rocks, and the line of sea beyond. She would paint this scene in the vividest colours—one day green, another red, another dirty and grey. Many thousands of sketches she must have had.

No one in Rafiel knew anything about her. "Poor old soul, too", was the way in which they alluded to her, and this would have made her very indignant had she heard it, because she would suffer pity from no one and was as proud as Lucifer. But I do not suppose that there was very much to know about her. She was just another of England's Old Maids with a little scrap of money and a high sense of her birth and position. A very little scrap of money it must have been; she was as poor as any old lady can possibly be. Her rooms cost her very little, and living in Rafiel is cheap, as, indeed, it is compelled (for the greater number of its inhabitants) to be, but Miss Gregg never owed a farthing in the place, paying her little weekly bills at the grocer's and the butcher's with the air of a queen. She would wait, very early in the morning, down on the Quay for the boats to come in, and then to see her bargain for a halfpenny pilchard was a wonderful revelation of the strange confusion of pride and the absence of pride that there is in the human soul. Three pilchards for a penny was the aim of her bargaining, but she never achieved her ambition; the men would have made her presents of the fish time and again, but her pride would not allow that; on their side a completely Cornish sense of commerce would not permit any lowering of prices.

My acquaintance with her was limited, with one exception of which in a moment I will speak, to our meetings in the cobbled street or on the hill. Every afternoon, wet or fine, saw her take an hour's walk. Were it wet, she would be sheltered by a great green umbrella, so large that, in certain places, it struck both sides of the narrow street. She always wore a high black bonnet with little dangling jet beads upon it, and her dress was black, rather bunched up in the middle, and the skirt short, showing her large, flat black boots. She always trod the uneven cobbles with a staggering step, slipping back a little, then lurching forward, but she never fell, and the uncertainty of her progress never prevented the stiff pride of her carriage with her long white beak of a nose sticking out like a bird's from beneath her bonnet.

Our conversations were short and, for the most part, concerned the weather.

"Good afternoon, Miss Gregg." "Good afternoon, Mr. W—" (this with a stiff, majestic bow of the bonnet). "Fine, fresh breeze to-day, Miss Gregg." "I agree with you. They tell me the wind's east again. You must feel it up in your cottage, Mr. W—."

"Are the boats going out to-night, do you know?"

"I have not heard. Did you notice who that was that passed us just then—Minnie Pender, wasn't it?" The old lady was short-sighted, but intensely curious. Had not her pride prevented, she would have poked that nose of hers into every cottage in the village. But she kept aloof because her position demanded reserve, and then, from her lofty height, gathered what social gossip she could. Cornish people, if they approve of you, love to talk, for ever and ever, about themselves, but Miss Gregg had never quite won their confidence. "Proud old party, she is . . . you know, praper conceit of 'erself . . . that's of it."

My little talks with Miss Gregg left me always with the consciousness that she wanted me to go farther with her, but was too proud to ask me. Her eyes, perhaps, left this impression with me; they were large, fierce, hungry eyes, quite out of relation with the rest of her; eyes that demanded some solution to the problem of a wretched, cramped existence; eyes that were far too strong and savage for her mild, pale face.

They reproached me then; they reproach me now. "Ah, you might have done more for me. . . . You might have been unselfish enough to trample down that barrier that I was compelled, by my own tiresome nature, to place between us. I was a lonely old woman

and you knew it; you might have done something . . ."

Then there came a day when, moved by some sudden impulse and, perhaps, by the insistence of time and weather (we had met in the rain beneath her windows), she invited me in to tea. I went and spent a very unhappy half-hour. The room was bare except for a little round table, three wicker chairs, and a horrible procession of her own sketches around the walls.

"You care for art, Mr. W—?" she said. I replied that I did.

"I have devoted my life to it. There, on the walls, are a few of my things. I thought once that I would earn my living by painting, but I found that I could not part with my little sketches. I am a positive miser about them. I have many hundreds now. After my death they will have a certain value, no doubt."

I was wretchedly ill at ease. I felt that she meant this tea-drinking as a great concession, that she was burning to talk to someone who would listen, that would I now only go a little way with her she would make me her confidant for ever and ever.

And I, God forgive me, could not. I sat there with the consciousness of her hungry eyes upon me; her black, flat boots were spread like some new sort of deceased crab upon the floor; her skirt was hitched right up about her knees, and her thick, strong ankles made one wonder why it was that she slipped and staggered so upon the cobbles. I had never seen her before without her bonnet; her hair was grey and untidy, with hairpins wildly clinging to it.

The conversation flagged and at last dropped into silence.

She simply waited, then, for me to break down the barrier, waited with her eyes upon me.

Those were horrible minutes. I could only stare at her boots. I rose at last with a forced laugh.

"Well, Miss Gregg, I must get back to my work. I hope you'll let me come in again one day."

But she said nothing; she stared at me. Then she stamped to the door.

"It's finer", she said; "I daresay the boats will go out after all. Good-bye!"

I never entered her room again. The weather of the next autumn was cold and stormy; she caught a cold, and, suddenly like a candle, was snuffed out.

"Praper proud Miss Gregg was", said the people. "Poor old soul, too."

"LE COQ D'OR."

By JOHN PALMER.

JUST as we have decided that M. Chaliapine solves the whole problem of opera by the simple expedient of being a genius, we are again reminded that a union of the arts is as far from being realised to-day as it was a century ago. Of course, when M. Chaliapine sings Ivan the Terrible there is no problem at all. We simply know that for Ivan to express himself simultaneously in action and song is the most natural thing in the world. He just happens to be born that way. We are never conscious of difficulty or artifice in the musical conversation of M. Chaliapine. It is as natural as eating. We ourselves, leaving the theatre under the spell of his suggestion, order supper in mezzorecitative and masticate it under the baton of an imaginary conductor. But M. Chaliapine is not an ordinary man. We cannot in framing artistic formulæ for common use count on an operatic universe of Chaliapines. Usually we have to deal with musicians who would do well to sing in the dark, or with players whose musicianship hardly rises above that of the popular ballad-singer. We have to do with two arts which in nature are not related, each of which has forms and a logic of its own. Lest, being led away by M. Chaliapine, we should lose sight of this indisputable fact—a fact with which almost every writer of opera has wrestled and over which no writer of opera can boast an absolute victory—we have this week had the problem again revived, bald and stark, challenging all

our comfortable delusions as to the enormous progress we have recently made. The producers of "Le Coq d'Or" frankly affirm that no progress has been made at all. They begin all over again. Their own solution of the root perpetual problem of opera is flatly to declare that the best way of dealing with it is to assume that it cannot be solved. They take for granted that it is impossible to sing and to mime competently at the same time. What follows is the merest common-sense. If one person cannot do two things at once, the way out is to employ two. Let each character in the opera have two representatives. Let the singers sit still and sing, while the players simultaneously act.

When, therefore, the curtain rises on "Le Coq d'Or" we find the singers ranged upon benches to left and right of the stage, wearing beautiful liveries all exactly alike. They are merely voices. The voice of King Dodon being uplifted, his body out in the centre of the stage gets into suitable motion. It is like the old game of family coach, wherein the participator whose name is mentioned in the story has to get up and turn round. It sounds quite absurd; but it is every way as "natural" as the Wagnerian method of mentioning things in the orchestra and getting them simultaneously into visible activity behind the footlights. The conventions of "Le Coq d'Or" can only startle or offend unperceptive people who have never properly realised how immensely tall the conventions of opera necessarily must be. The only possible objection to the way of M. Fokine with "Le Coq d'Or" is that it is dreadfully expensive. There is no other valid objection. After ten minutes of "Le Coq d'Or"—ten minutes is not long to get used to an entirely fresh device—there is no difficulty at all in joining King Dodon's voice (on the right) with his body (on the left), and in comfortably pretending that M. Basile Petroff (the voice) is one and the same person as M. Adolf Bolm (the body). By the time we have reached the second tableau it is certainly very difficult to realise that Mme. Karsavina is not really singing the E in alt indicated by her beautiful poise. It is only when we realise that, after her athletic dancing, she could not possibly have sufficient breath left in her for the achievement that we remember that the voice is sitting in a beautiful livery upon the left, and that the E in alt really belongs to Mme. Dobrowolska.

It is not this simple convention of a double cast that spoils "Le Coq d'Or" at Drury Lane, but the admirable costumes and scenery of Mlle. Nathalie Gontcharova. I can quite understand the delight of connoisseurs in these costumes and scenery. I can admit that each costume is in itself an object of art and of virtue, and that the total tableau is a picture worthy the serious attention of the initiated. But my business is with the theatre; and it is my ungracious duty to point out that Mlle. Gontcharova's works of art have no value or use in the theatre. The art of decorating a play is the art of contriving a setting or frame. Detail is out of place. The decorations of "Le Coq d'Or" threaten to take us back into the awful wilderness of small, ineffectual detail for its own sake whence M. Bakst, Professor Reinhardt, and Mr. Craig, with their colleagues, are seeking to lead us. As soon as we begin to cultivate decorative detail for itself alone we are turning the theatre in a direction it cannot profitably follow. It little avails that Mlle. Gontcharova's decorations are admirable in themselves. They are not admirable as a stage setting. They are not broad, simple, and unobtrusive. We do not *feel* their effect. We have to study them in detail. When the curtain goes up we merely perceive a chromatic confusion and a design which has to be deliberately viewed and realised. Till we begin to look attentively at the stage, concentrating upon the costumes and scenery, the effect is just a bright glare, smudgy and distracting; and this effect returns as soon as we relax our attention from the scenery to attend to the music. Compare with this the perfect stage setting of "Prince Igor". Here are no details to be consciously collected and enjoyed. The pictures are beautiful; but they are beautiful as settings for an action. They do not worry

the mind. They are not perpetually snapping us away from the music. They make their effect as necessary furniture of the stage. They merely decorate the opera—decorate it with surpassing beauty. The schemes of colour are subdued to their purpose. They glow and blend; whereas the schemes of Mlle. Gontcharova glare at us and have to be reconciled by a conscious effort of the will.

The production of "Le Coq d'Or" is perhaps the most generous and gallant of this season's adventures at Drury Lane. Let it not be imagined that this article is intended only as a grumble. "Le Coq d'Or" must accept the penalty of all deeds that raise a host of difficulties. Frankly, last Tuesday was my first evening with the Russians at Drury Lane in which I utterly failed to get illusion. It was not, as I have explained, the double cast. Rather it was a perception that everyone was being very odd and quaint and clever, whereas the music required them to be something else. Rimsky-Korsakov has written music which superficially is fantastic. It abounds at every turn in the small exaggerations of a man who knows he is pretending. But none the less it is serious and noble music. There is fullness and humanity in it. King Dodon's music, for example, is nearer in spirit to the clowns of Shakespeare than to the clowns of Italian comedy. The march music and the music of the triumph is of an antic disposition; but the tread of earth is in the march and the pomp of human victory is in the triumph. Fantastic satire—as Swift and Aristophanes could tell—are not of necessity mere fooling. I cannot believe that Rimsky-Korsakov would have seen his music made visible in the performance of Tuesday last. He would have asked for more humour and less wit. "Le Coq d'Or" is a joke; but it is a joke more broad than *spirituel*. I went to Drury Lane on Tuesday expecting a hearty slap between the shoulders. I was tickled instead. I expected to tumble about with pure fun of the thing; and was not a little disconcerted to realise that, though the jokes were all going to be extremely ridiculous, they were at the same time going to be extremely refined. A second visit will be necessary to realise how far the music is belied by M. Fokine's choreographic cast. My preconceptions were far too widely outraged for me to be capable as yet of an accurate measure. It is, however, clear that Mme. Karsavina is at the heart of things. Her dance of seduction was vital; but it was streaked with fantasy enough to turn her into a fairy. For a moment we were able to suspend our restless endeavour to reconcile what was happening in the orchestra with what was happening on the stage.

THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

EDINBURGH'S and Glasgow's artistic events are of such importance as to outrun any idea of getting them all into one article. The David Scott exhibition in the Scottish National Gallery is, to me at least, a great surprise, ignorant as I was of Scott's power of imagination and design. Exhibited with William Blake's, his work can be placed in relation to the latter, with which alone it can be compared. Such comparison is extraordinarily interesting; one sees by it how great and unapproached is Blake's genius, and at the same time, and resultantly, how noble and profound is Scott's vision. But I cannot now go into this. Then at Glasgow is a loan collection of etchings and engravings; sundry new pictures in the gallery and certain reflections on the present condition of the Old Masters' Collection, of which the new director, Mr. Ramsay, is about to take over the care, would need a special article. The Loan Exhibition of Prints is remarkable in quality; some of the finest engravings and etchings in the world are shown in beautiful examples. To dwell on Mr. Ramsay's heritage of work might possibly embarrass him; all I will say is that when again I see the Glasgow Gallery doubtless sundry

details in hanging and the catalogue will have been supervised. And as for recent acquisitions by that gallery it will suffice merely to admire the great qualities of Orchardson, who as time goes on appears one of the best portrait painters in the British School. Before his prices have reached dizzy heights let us hope our National Gallery will own picked specimens.

The Scottish Royal Academy is far ahead of Burlington House in representing the considerable art of to-day. In an interesting way the old-fashioned academic painters manage to lie down with the young lions of more modern views. The Art Rebels, however, do not appear; Signor Marinetti will have to send a manifesto and a missionary. Perhaps something is needed to brighten art and make it popular in Scotland; for never have I seen galleries so pleasantly empty (save, of course, our National just now) as were these in Edinburgh and Glasgow. However that may be, and although pseudo originality and Burlington House problem pictures are quite excluded from the Edinburgh Academy, there are many interesting and some important paintings. Perhaps the most impressive is M. Roganeau's "Toilette"; we all know the theme—a naked goddess by a lake, tiring her hair. This subject is as hackneyed as "Susannah and the Elders", yet M. Roganeau convinces us that his model was a goddess, Demeter virgin, beautiful in limb, actually one with a pagan and romantic land. That he shows us a glimpse of her averted face, reflected in her glass, is a mistake; unasked our imagination plays round the head, apprehending though not visualising her countenance. But the mirrored glimpse falls short of what we had unconsciously realised; nor, if we must be critical, is the figure completely in tone with its background; there is a perceptible break between the work done in the studio and the landscape setting. But this barely counts, so genuine is the emotion, so actual the suggestion. For, after all, that is what we demand, the conviction that such and such did really happen, that this goddess actually knelt there, mysterious, god-like, unaware. Whatever theorists may say about representation will not hold water long. We are not insufferably bored by a Guido Reni's Susannah because it is "realistic", but because it is not true; we know that neither Susannah nor the Elders could possibly have thus gone through their celebrated interview without a spark of passion.

Obviously we demand quality of passion, according to our own capacity and standard; mere accuracy in relatively insignificant things results in platitude. Mr. Sargent's "Reconnoitring", No. 224 in the Scottish Academy, does not completely satisfy for this reason; brilliant in execution and uncommonly accurate in vision, yet it is hardly the vision of wondrous things. To stretch a point, perhaps, it is photographic rather than penetrating. The Scottish genius for seeing wonderful things is most evident in landscape; skies and atmosphere yield a quality to northern eyes that our English painters miss. Indeed, though Guardi, Corot and modern Dutch artists belong to the same school of landscape feeling, they never see just that colour and light which typify Scottish painting. One of the most charming and typical Scotch landscapes is Mr. G. Houston's "Ayrshire Landscape" in the Glasgow Gallery; in such pictures the sky has a soft and opalescent purity, the land is irradiated with silvery light. Such sparkle and limpid atmosphere, such milky blues, egg blues, and silver greens are not seen with us. In the Academy, too, Mr. Houston, Mr. Henderson, Mr. J. H. Mackenzie, Mr. Frazer, Mr. Campbell Mitchell, and Mr. J. R. Sutherland charm us with these things. To the southern mind, perhaps, there may appear a sameness, and there certainly is the germ of sweetness, in this Scottish colour and soft outlines. But in the best examples, where, as in Mr. R. Burns's "Sands o' Dee", severe form is insisted on, there is no place for doubt.

Inevitably one scrutinises the portraits also for some distinctive Scottish aspect, for nationality in art is interesting and elusive. One of the troubles with American painting is that as a characteristic brand it

hardly exists. But in certain portraits at the Edinburgh Academy you detect a quality reproduced in no other school. There is no conspicuously powerful portrait in the exhibition, and in brackets I must add that in its invitation of outside work the committee has shown a curious taste. But Mr. Sutherland's "A. Carrick, Esq.", is a good and interpretative picture, simply painted, subtly seen, and free from those fashions and parochialisms that handicap so many modern portraits. Ancient critics made a lot of play with the "ethic" school and the "pathic". Ethic sculptors brought out the permanent humanity of their subjects, pathic were intent on more accidental and fugitive emotions. Applying this line of thought to mere technique one sees that pictures painted in a topical manner with the latest technique are unsatisfactory. One knows prophetically, moreover, that by the time their particular modishness has become obsolete people will only see in them the stamp of a particular decade. Mr. W. O. Hutchinson seems wilfully to embarrass his future chances by clothing his statements in a fashionable vocabulary. "Miss Armour", for example, if only the colour were pleasant, the pose and design lucid, and its special niche in the fashions less obvious, would be a good portrait. For Mr. Hutchinson clearly has the rare gift of sympathy; his "Boy in White" and "Miss Gibson" are unusually interesting in feeling, though not very well considered as designs. But in his "Miss Armour" he was, I feel sure, always conscious of an obligation to be "in the movement"; hence the unhappy quality of blue and the unstable strainedness in the design, badges, one might say, of the fashion.

This self-conscious and strictly local technique or arrangement seems to me to weaken Mr. F. C. Cadell's clever "Timothy Inkpen", and Messrs. Munnock's and Gunn's Nos. 319 and 325. These last may interest us of 1914 because they echo "Sumurun" and the Russian Ballet movement. But by 1930 a quite new movement will engage us, and pictures that primarily depended on a vogue rather than shrewd character will only look early-Georgian. In a rather different way Mr. Connard's "Helen and Jane" suffers from the same cause. Primitive colour and "all that" is the undoing of Mr. Connard's tone: everywhere he forces up his colour, superstitiously believing that bright key possesses a magic independent virtue. But primitive gaiety is only satisfying when part of a larger scheme. By itself and at the expense of more important things it is only temporarily attractive. The larger issues in Mr. Connard's portrait are the spontaneity and really sympathetic insight that the painter expresses; he meant these children to be unconscious of their position, and not to seem standing "for their pictures". And he would have been successful but for his concessions to a fashion and consequent repudiation of true tonal quality.

These pictures I have mentioned are more or less prominent exhibits. Less conspicuous but in some ways more personal expressions are pleasantly frequent—pictures like Mr. M. Hunter's "Atlantic Breakers", Mr. A. G. Sinclair's "A Tramp", Mr. Walls's "The Sawmiller's Tree", Mr. W. Gay's "Bibelots", and Mr. Smith's "Muchart Mill" that show us things from unusual angles with marked preferences. Nothing of the "machine" or professed exhibit is about these; they just bring home to one that significance and true emotional appeal can be seen anywhere, in almost anything, by those who see. And among the water-colours this quality is very present, with the quality of fine craftsmanship; the level of these Scottish Academy water-colours is that of the New English Art Club. As I have suggested, the Committee of the Academy invites work from outside artists; M. Besnard's contributions seem rather trivial, and Mr. Brangwyn's "Wine" looks as intrinsically unsound as when it appeared in London two years or so ago. Mr. Laszlo's portraiture, with its plausible evasions and commonplace attitude, is not likely to be valuable as a stimulant for Scottish painters. Among the invited works is a collection of Belgian sculpture, which on the whole is unimpressive. Meunier's "Firedamp" is certainly moving, but as a

co-ordinated sculptural group it is not satisfying. There is something casual in the relation of the figures, something pictorial rather than architectural in the conception. M. Wouter's "Attitude" is a sketch instinct with beautiful movement, his "Jeune Fille" is much more than charming. M. Lagae's "M. Lequime" is good sculpture and character; and M. le Comte de Lalaing's great bronze "Tigers" is at least a genuine and ambitious endeavour.

INTIMA.

WHEN she sleeps, beneath each lid
Worlds of treasure do lie hid;
When she wakes, beneath each eye
Rarer treasures still do lie.

When she's silent, lovely sound
Underneath her lips is bound;
When she speaks, behind each word
Lovelier music lies unheard.

Whether she do wake or sleep,
Say fair words or silence keep;
Singing sweetly, her fair soul
Robes her in an aureole.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.—IV.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

MY very innocent—and I fear rather obvious—statement in the first paper in this series that Shakespeare was an out-and-out patriot, Imperialist, big Englander—and that he was essentially insular in feeling, though universal, too, and of all times—seems to have been taken amiss by some people. Mr. Poel, I noticed, suggested I was reading my own "politics" into Shakespeare. That would be a stupid and contemptible thing to do; people whose reading and enjoyment of literature is biased by party political feeling are hopeless. I immensely admire Shelley's poetry, and have read it constantly since I was a boy of fourteen, but I do not read into Shelley the intense English feeling or anything of the kind. One no more wishes to associate Shelley—or Shakespeare—with one's "political" views than one wishes to associate, say, George Herbert, the writer of "Sweet day, so calm, so bright, so cool", and other lovely and temperate poems, with one's theological or ecclesiastical views. I must say I despise the kind of intelligence that likes or dislikes a poet or any other worker in the world of imagination because he is a red or a blue, or low church or high church or no church; it is as if one cried down "The Ancient Mariner" because its author was a Unitarian or cried up "Half a League Onward" because its author was a Peer. Further, Mr. Poel asks, am I not confusing Shakespeare's views on England and patriotism with the views Shakespeare merely makes his characters—for example, John of Gaunt in "Richard II." and the Bastard in "King John"—hold? What becomes of Shakespeare as "dramatist", I am asked, if he put himself into the speech of Gaunt and into the crowings of the Bastard? I cannot say. I have no idea what becomes of him as "dramatist" in such a case; but if I am assured that these and many other of the noblest things in Shakespeare were set down not in passion or personal conviction, but rather in kid, all I can say is, then the less Shakespeare he. If Shakespeare himself is not, with all his mind and soul, in those lines about the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces, but only a playwright pulling the strings of Prospero; if he is not in Claudio's words on death, and brooding in Hamlet's deep soliloquies, then I confess he loses, for me, a great value—and let the Baconians work their will on

him. But I do not for a moment believe that Shakespeare just played with mimes and puppets, pulled the strings only, and viewed the whole show—whether it was Gaunt or Richard, Falstaff or Hamlet, or Claudio or Prospero—on his stage with the coolness and detachment of a vestal virgin. Lord Acton pictured George Eliot in that light—getting under her people's skins, finding out all that went on there, and then coming out and telling us all about it, herself quite serene and unaffected. If that was Shakespeare, I have indeed read him all my life frightfully wrong.

Sir Sidney Lee, in his "Life of Shakespeare", and Mr. David Masson, in the book I have already mentioned, both, I think, speak of Shakespeare working for a living, writing for food and lodging; and, later, when success began to come, concentrating on the ambition of building up anew the fortunes of the Shakespeare family. There seems to be not the faintest doubt in the world about it. One can hardly put it too simply or too strong. Shakespeare strove, as a poet said, not for glory—he strove for gain. This is an enormously important point, and I mean to dwell on it, whether it gives offence or not. Very little indeed is absolutely *proved* about Shakespeare. Most of the hard facts about his life and habits—the sort of facts that tell in a court of law, and are revelled in by narrow-minded people who hate the imagination, which they suppose to be lies—most of these facts have completely vanished. But there are positively court-of-law facts, "plain man" facts free from all suspicion of poetry and imagination and the like, that clearly show Shakespeare as a commercialist, and a commercialist of pronounced success. They show Shakespeare as a marked example, as a triumph of individualism; and the thing is of the highest importance, and well worth considering now because the most vital question of to-day—that is, of worldly or carnal questions—is this one of commercialism and individualism: shall you and I keep and run ourselves or shall we be kept and run by the State? There is no other question, not Ulster even and not the women, that touches it in importance. They are blind indeed who will not see this.

Shakespeare kept and ran himself. We want to know how it suited him, how it affected the man and his work. Shakespeare struggled—at first—for living and lodging. It is hardly questioned that he had even to pot-boil, though the scholars differ as to the amount of his pot-boiling, his journalism, so to say—some critics seeing more sign than others of Shakespeare patching up this bit of indifferent work or that bit for bread-winning purposes. Shakespeare must have made his way in life, won a competency—i.e., a sufficiency, which has been won by striving after, by competing for—and success, by self-help, by the practice of individualism. However this method and these terms—individualism, thrift, self-help, competition and competency, commercialism—may grate on a sensitive soul or a sensitive ear, there is the clear bedrock fact about Shakespeare himself. We see it in the way he leaves his native place and (who could doubt it for a moment?) starts life in London virtually as an adventurer—after, too, a youthful and perhaps improvident marriage—with his fortune wholly to make. He is not given "a good start in life". He is not secure of a comfortable haven if he fails: the fortunes of the family are at too low an ebb for that. In short, Shakespeare is placed, at this time in his career, as thousands of beginners in practical life are to-day who go out into the open market with only their own character and abilities to trade in. He, exchanging Stratford for London, must get on or get out.

Individualism, with its synonyms, is at times a decidedly offending term. We suspect it when it comes too often and too strong from some pens and tongues. I know nothing myself about Smiles and his writings, on thrift and so forth, about which a little debate has been going on between a SATURDAY REVIEWER, Mr. John Murray and the "British Weekly": the only thing by Smiles I ever read was the story of Stephenson the engineer, which I liked—especially for its account of how the wonderful railway

across Chat Moss was made. That, I am told, was not one of his typical books. Smiles—for what I know to the contrary—may have been a quite honest and reasonable preacher of individualism. I cannot say. But I do know that some people who make of individualism a sort of hot gospel seem to me perilously near imposture. For example, there are the Bounderbys whom Dickens pictured, men who profess they were dropped in the gutter by their mothers, and left absolutely to fend for themselves, and see what grand specimens they have grown up! and what splendid fortunes they have made simply through unaided merit! Then there are the more subtle impostors who never really went through the mill at all, shed none of the tears and blood of individualism, but, succeeding to a "nice little property", worked it up by native acuteness in business. And now they preach individualism with bursting conviction! And they vow that every youth should go through the mill for his own salvation. And they hang up on their walls many maxims more moral than Martin Tupper's and texts showing how the country will go to the dogs if the statesmen and the public relax an instant in individualism. These people are as bad as some of the hot gospellers on the other side who preach collectivism with all their might whilst they grow rich or secure by practising commercialism with all their might. The text-hangers are too fond of representing individualism as a kind of perquisite of paradise. Had they really been through the mill, or were they still between its upper and nether stones, they would perhaps admit that there may be individualism in Gehenna as well as in the other place. It is a mistake to angelise either commercialism or collectivism—both are carnal systems of life, essentially of this world worldly.

Shakespeare, all the careful scholars of his life can assure us, was clearly a wise and prudent man with the money he made by his writing and his commercial arrangements. He invested in lands and houses at a time when wise men could do this. He saved so well that he could retire whilst still at the zenith of his intellectual power. He was intent to restore the fortune, the position of his family. The programme of Shakespeare—as Mr. Masson says, but as many of us have thought quite independently of Mr. Masson—resembles the programme of Scott. Thrifty Scott may not have been, but he strove, as Shakespeare strove, for gain not glory; for gain, that is, in no grasping or sinister sense, but for a perfectly natural and human purpose.

What was the effect of commercialism, of the hard practice of individualism, on Shakespeare, on his work and on his character, we can consider later: personally I hold it had not the smallest effect for ill. I only add this here as worth noting: of all the great figures in English literature there are perhaps only three from the dawn of our history till the present day to whom we can apply the word "mighty" without the least sense of exaggeration. We may think about applying it to Browning, but indisputably Shakespeare, Milton and Scott are the group, and it is very interesting to consider that two out of the three at any rate did giant's work primarily for pay.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIONIST POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bradbourne Hall, Ashbourne,

Derbyshire,

17 June 1914.

DEAR SIR,—Amid the details of party tactics there seems a danger lest the central policy of the Unionist Party should be lost sight of. That policy is the defeat of Home Rule.

The Unionist Party has always preached that Home Rule provides no remedy for the admitted ills of Ireland—that the picture of a united and contented Ireland under a Parliament in Dublin is an illusion. Unionists have, by the example of Mr. Balfour and George Wyndham, shown what they consider a more excellent way.

Now when, owing to the determination of Ulster, victory is once more within their grasp, the Unionist leaders seem to have lost their grasp of the fundamental question of the Union, and to have been led to follow a side issue—namely, the separate treatment of Ulster.

The action of Ulster has proved to the world that Unionists were right in saying that a united and contented Ireland was impossible under Home Rule. That being so, the whole case for Home Rule, as it has been preached for thirty years, falls to the ground. Again, this Home Rule Bill is the result of thirty years' experience. It has not been mangled or spoilt by wicked Tories in the House of Lords. It is the ripe fruit of the experience of a generation, drafted by the united wisdom of English and Irish politicians who for the whole of their careers have had this question constantly before them. Now, at the last minute, this choicest, unspoilt, unmutated product of political wisdom is found to be unworkable—not through the devices of hostile Tories, but because an influential section of Ireland simply won't have it.

Could there be better ground for saying that the Home Rule movement has failed? Could the House of Lords have better grounds for refusing to try experiments in breaking up Ireland?

This exclusion of Ulster is the wildest experiment. Nobody believes in it; everybody hates it. It is a policy which has never been before the country. No politician of rank has attempted a considered defence of it.

Having found that a policy which has been discussed *ad nauseam* for thirty years, and concerning which every argument pro and con has been weighed, is impossible when put to the test, to rush into an unconsidered alternative which nobody defends is indeed courting failure.

If the existing Bill is a failure, the discredit belongs wholly to the Government; the discredit for the failure of an Amending Bill would fall on the Unionist Party.

Unionists believe that a Parliament in Dublin would be a danger to the Empire. They will be consistent in preventing it. In voting for any Amending Bill they will be voting against their convictions and entirely in the dark.

Yours faithfully,

LAURENCE W. HODSON.

MR. ASQUITH'S "SUBSTANTIAL MAJORITIES".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The two questions I would wish to see put are: first, how were these majorities obtained? and, secondly, what was the representative character of those electors to whom alone the "substantial majorities" were due? Did they stand for the loyalty, the learning, the wealth, trade, or manual skill of any part of the United Kingdom? And, if not, what did they, or do they, stand for? Now, to begin with, these falsities were manufactured by the counting of eighty votes of which at least thirty-two may be labelled bogus votes, as they are bound to disappear at the coming Redistribution Bill. That their days should have been purposely prolonged in order to render possible the passing of a revolutionary, reactionary, and unconstitutional measure, for which no real majority ever existed, is a public scandal and an insult to all Liberal or true Radical ideas. These loaded electoral dice are at the disposal of men—if mere automata may be called so—who are tied by their taskmasters to the Fenian or Separatist revolutionary machine. So much for the worth or worthlessness of the substantial majority as measured by these moribund and specially selected voters.

There is, however, an immeasurably graver reason for unhesitatingly exposing Mr. Asquith's deliberately misleading, and therefore false, statement than the mere counting of these miserable eighty votes, however ill-gotten, for his majorities. The crux and governing point of the whole fraud is: what do these eighty votes that form the backbone of the Government majorities represent? Do they by themselves stand for any form of British opinion whatever or voice the views of any class of loyal men within the kingdom? I maintain that they do not, but that, on the

contrary, they obtrude a very distinct foreign and un-English element that is not British, but solely anti-British, and therefore not current electoral coin of the realm at all; much less can such counterfeit be used for advertising majorities. The point I make as to the utterly misleading nature of Mr. Asquith's majority as a bonâ-fide expression of the opinion of the country is amply proved by the numberless and uncontradicted utterances of the men who hold the votes in question. They profess no allegiance to British King or Government so far as it can be withheld, and they proclaim their absolute independence of and entire detachment from any British party, except in the sense that as rebels and revolutionaries they are ever ready—as at present—to sell their votes and all-round support to any party for any purpose, provided that, in return, a Government will guarantee to provide them with a Parliament of their own in Dublin.

The substantial majority is composed of men who regard themselves as outside the British Constitution and venomously opposed to all that it stands for, and the utilising of such votes by statesmen in order to break up the Union is an everlasting stain upon our public life and should brand its authors as the enemies of their country. The owners of these votes are only in Parliament for the purpose of working their way out of its jurisdiction for ever and taking up their position in the ranks of our foes. They are not citizens of the Empire in any sense, but a part of the Parliamentary machine of a party more than three-fourths of whose huge funds we are told on the authority of one of its chief organisers—Michael Davitt—were provided not only generally from abroad, but actually through the office of Patrick Ford, the man who, according to Mr. Redmond, was a "pure-minded patriot and Ireland's best friend". This official admission by Davitt, the founder of the league, together with Mr. Redmond's testimonial, should be more than sufficient of themselves to put "Home Rule" out of court as genuine or practical politics.

When these truths are once grasped by the British nation, as beyond doubt they will be, probably when it is too late, they will then understand why Ulster was ready and willing to spend her last shilling and the last drop of her blood to resist Home Rule.

Yours, etc.,
RICHARD DAVISON.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westcliff Lodge, Bournemouth W.

17 June 1914.

SIR,—Everybody is aware that the Home Rule Bill of the present Government must bring—not peace but a sword to Ireland. If they will not, or dare not, go to the country on their Bill, may I suggest that they amend the Bill so that all Protestants in Ireland—South as well as North—remain as now under the Parliament at Westminster? The experiment can then be tried and the result of the two Governments compared.

Yours truly,
DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

THE LABOUR WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W.

SIR,—While we are all naturally anxious at the possibility of civil war in Ireland, and are doing all we can to avert it, there is a more disastrous civil war coming with deadly certainty which we are doing nothing to avert. I, of course, refer to the Labour and Syndicalist response to the £50,000,000 fighting fund of the employers. Everyone with a gleam of foresight has for years seen the coming of this war; its preliminary skirmishes are always going on. Then why is nothing being done to avert what is otherwise inevitable? There is only one way of averting it, and it is as thoroughly a wise Unionist way as the endeavour to increase the number of small landowners to strengthen the national

backbone; to give an element of stability in the whirlwind rage of revolutionary change.

Now, every true economist can see that the wage system, while it is the simplest and most convenient, has just those defects which logically lead to the very troubles which now loom so threateningly—the constant war between Capital and Labour, the limitation of output, and general demoralisation. The fundamental principle of all reconstructive endeavour should be to make men's interests agree with their duties, and thus take away the inducements to dishonesty, and promote harmony. Sir George Livesey has shown the way: Labour must have a direct and visible pecuniary interest in the results of its toil. Co-operation lacks just that managing genius which individualism gives. A union of the two is the ideal, and copartnership is just that union. But, while it was a comparatively simple thing to apply it to such a stable business as the South Metropolitan Gas Company, to apply the principle to more uncertain or speculative undertakings will tax the organising genius of employers to the utmost; but it *must* be done.

A strenuous movement in this direction would sap the very life-blood of Syndicalism, and give that national backbone—that element of stability—which is the only barrier against chaos.

Yours, etc.,
E. WAKE COOK.

MILITANT OUTRAGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W.

16 June 1914.

SIR,—While agreeing with the substance of your leader on "The Militant Peril", I would like to ask you two questions: Why does not the Government bring in the long deferred measure for which thousands, tens of thousands of patient law-abiding women have been steadfastly working for sixty years? The Government adopts a high tone. It will not bring in a Bill so long as these outrages continue. Although these extreme women are a mere handful, so to speak, they have given the Government an opportunity of adopting a lofty tone which is addressed to the great army of women, patient workers. Of course, everyone knows the real reason of this attitude, which is that when women have the vote they will—in the majority—vote Conservative. If this truly contemptible House of Commons could be assured that the women's vote would be used for their return to Parliament, they would not hesitate to bring in a Bill. I hope my fellow suffragists will forgive me when I say I earnestly hope that this Government will *not* bring in a Bill. I want the Conservatives to give us the vote. I am quite sure they will do it. The manner in which Lord Selborne's Bill was received has proved what they will do hereafter. You yourself supply the reason why Mr. McKenna will not let the hunger strikers die in prison. "He", McKenna, "believes that the country would turn against any Government that tried it". Very likely, and this Government will *not* go out unless kicked out. I wish it could be kicked out. It blocks the way in every direction. Second question: In recording the outrages committed by militants, why not draw attention to the treatment given to these women by the police and to the obscene language of the men who were looking on at the treatment of the ladies who formed the deputation to the King? It was very fair-minded of you to condemn the magistrate who "discharged two men accused of violence towards suffragettes". The same thing happened at Hampstead Heath without provocation on the part of the women. The man was discharged. In conclusion: The simple remedy is to give at once to women that for which they have been patiently and earnestly working for all these years. You say the militants only number something under one hundred. No Government need make that an excuse for delaying a just measure.

Yours, etc.,
ADA SHURMER.

THE FRIENDS AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5, Sunny Bank, Evesham,

8 June 1914.

SIR,—Colonel Keene, in his letter in your last issue, quotes from "The Briton's First Duty" in an endeavour to controvert the condemnatory methods of the National Service League, but he fails to convince.

Allow me to quote again Lord Roberts's statement at the farewell luncheon at Glasgow, 7 May last year: "They were not bound to the four months' period, and the only thing they wanted was that the Government should accept the principle". This is in striking contrast to a statement made but three weeks earlier, on 18 April, at the mass meeting in the Leeds Town Hall with 3,000 present. Lord Roberts then said:—

"First of all, in the matter of time, we require that every young man, on reaching the age of eighteen, should give a short period, not exceeding a few months in the first year and a few weeks in the second and third years, to discipline, drill, and musketry—just enough, in a word, to make him feel within himself the power efficiently and honourably to take his place in the firing line should this country ever be invaded. That is the utmost that the National Service League demands, and that is what our critics on the platform and in the Press have denounced as slavery and as a blood tax!"

The "utmost demands" presented at the mass meeting are seen at the luncheon not to be binding. How are we to characterise methods such as these?

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES EDWARDS GREGORY.

QUEER POLITICAL RUMOURS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 June 1914.

SIR,—We who live in the country hear so many strange rumours that we find it difficult to distinguish between the false and the true. Perhaps you, through your columns, or your better-informed correspondents, can tell us whether what we have heard has any foundation; and, for your convenience, my friends and I have cast our perplexities into the form of questions, which we have set out below, trusting that through the publicity you can give them we may attain to knowledge.

1. Is it true that Mr. Churchill has re-named the Admiralty yacht the *Fanny*?
2. Is it true that Mr. Birrell has joined the Girl Scouts with a view to organising the force for use in Ulster?
3. Is it true that Mr. Arnold Rowntree, M.P., has in training a very promising colt—"Social Service" by "Cocoa" out of "Quaker Girl"?
4. Is it true that Colonel Seely is assiduously practising the "Goose Step", not being entirely satisfied with his recent performance of that evolution at the War Office?
5. Is it true that Mr. Lloyd George has erected a Marconi mast in the back garden of his house at Crickieth, by which he receives constant information as to the prices of speculative securities on the Stock Exchange?
6. Is it true that Mr. John Ward, M.P., is going to the Upper House with the title of "The Earl of Warwick, or The King Breaker"?
7. Is it true that Mr. Cadbury has just completed the building of a beautiful new residence which he is calling "San Thomé"?

Your obedient servant,
RUSTICUS.

VILLAGE WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Manor House,

Codford St. Peter,

8 June 1914.

SIR,—The old language of East Somerset and West Wilts is interesting. It is much the same, though perhaps not

quite so broad and liquid, as that of the Blackmore Vale immortalised by Barnes. How sad that it is dying so fast! "Want" is used here as in most parts of England; I have not heard "mouldiwarp." "Thic," "thickey," or "thec" is common.

The following are words which have been heard recently: "Snotter" or "snotter off", to break or break off, to unravel; "muggle", to muddle or mess about; "caddle", to do odd jobs; "bird-starving", scaring birds from the crops; "dadecay" (with accent on the first syllable), rotten or decayed; "tutty", pretty; "drainty", creased or streaked; "bruckly" or "brockely", brittle or liable to split; "mull", soft; "aglets", icicles; "butty", a friend or mate; "cleave", a scoop or hollow in the downs; "lynch", a sloping bank between fields of different levels; "folly", a wood; "caddler", one who earns his living by doing odd jobs; "drowner", one who manages the flooding of water meadows; "vuddles", a spoilt child or person; "knifling" or "nifling", a mean, parsimonious person; "parrock", an enclosed piece of land; "penny-winkle", periwinkle; "snowl" or "stowl", the stump of a tree; "staddel", the foundation of a rick or mow; "steart", a long nail or stanchion; "scrave", a rack or riddle made of laths of wood with spaces between; "skillen", a cow-shed; "barton", a yard or enclosure, thus "farm-barton" or "rick-barton". Rick by the way, is pronounced "rhrck", the vowel sound not very obvious. A Somerset boy going to a place in Gloucestershire gave his name as John Hurdle, and was so called. Long afterwards it was discovered to be (or at least to be spelt) John Riddel!

Another Wiltshire word is "leat", meaning a water-way. In Dorset they speak of a "lake", meaning a stream perhaps only a few inches wide; it is also spelt "leak".

Of the above list "folly", "aglet", and "mull" suggest the French "folie", "aiguillette", and "molle", and are no doubt of French or Norman-French origin. "Butty" I believe to be Welsh, but most of the other words seem rather Saxon than Celtic. I should be glad to know exactly how the word "dadecay" arose; it seems to be another form of "decayed", but is very singular. "Parrock" is probably the same as park; it is often found in old title-deeds, and paddock may be a modern corruption.

As to pronunciation we have "vaarm" for farm; "yarm" for arm; "wold" for old; "veäst" (two syllables) for feast; "volly" for follow, etc.

The second person singular is still common, often used in an abusive or contemptuous sense, as it also is in German. "Thee" is more common than "thou". "Thee can't do what thee couldst, cast?" one boy was heard to say to another.

Transposition of the cases often occurs, as "Her wor a-zaying to I". But this is all fast dying out. Modern education, responsible for so much degeneration in rural life, has no more signal achievement to show than the victory of the half-Cockney wholly-atrocious speech taught in the elementary schools, over the beautiful old language of the countryside.

Along with a good deal of smug teetotalism has been implanted a smug contempt for words not found in a modern dictionary. Thus an excursionist to London may tell you that he went to a "Cafe" (!) for his "rec-fresh-ments"; his grandfather would have dropped in at the "Load of Hay" for his "nammit" (noon-meat) or "bit o' nunch"!

Yours obediently,

S. C. HOUSTON.

"PUNCH IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PASSENJARE!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.

SIR,—It is a little surprising in this day of 'bus movement and motoring that no one should have recalled and quoted those most mirthful American lines which versify the conductor's instruction: "Punch, punch", etc. I have never seen them quoted. They are in the true "Rejected Addresses" humour, and Mark Twain had a share in the

concoction. Of course, the lines are familiar enough to amateurs of racy American humour, but it may be said that in this country they are not as well known as they deserve to be. They run:—

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
Chorus.
Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

When broached in the original community, it is said that the jingle of these last two lines took such possession of even the business men who used the conveyances that these practical persons found themselves repeating the words over and over again, *apropos—mal-apropos—even hors de propos*. We can quite understand it. Nay, I fancy that some serious people—after perusing your journal—will also begin mechanically repeating, "Punch with care", etc.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ilmington,

10 June 1914.

SIR,—All lovers of Shakespeare are indebted to the SATURDAY REVIEW for the series of articles on "Shakespeare Himself". We are grateful for this new presentation of the poet and dramatist. Mr. Dewar has dealt with Shakespeare in the zenith of his power, a fascinating study of life's tragedy and comedy under all conditions and in every rank. It is to be hoped that the series of articles when complete will be issued in a collected form. There is a question, outside the limits of Mr. Dewar's immediate inquiry, for it relates not to the dramatist at the culmination of his genius, but to the young poet, and it is one of wide interest.

To whom did Shakespeare address the earlier group of his published sonnets? Was it to a real or to an imaginary person, and, further, was he in truth speaking of himself and for himself? A satisfactory answer would be welcomed by many a student who is unable to reconcile his whole-hearted admiration of the dramatist with certain theories as to the origin and aim of those sonnets—*e.g.*, that they were written and in fact addressed by one man to another.

I am, Sir, obediently yours,

WILLIAM EVANS.

LAURENCE IRVING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With the deepest interest we have read Mr. Palmer's powerful and discerning appreciation of Laurence Irving, the student and actor. He expresses in the best way what all who have worked with Laurence Irving would wish said.

May I venture to add that many of us think he would have been still more appreciative of the man had he given recognition to the constant and illuminating help which he received from his wife, Mabel Hackney? She had the great love which made her a just critic, not a blind admirer. Again and again has he said that she helped him to find himself as an actor, and that she was always anxious to hide her own bright light to add lustre to his career.

Mr. Palmer does not mention his "Hamlet". It was a great performance, as those who saw it on its first production in Edinburgh, under the auspices of the British Empire Shakespeare Society, can testify. He startled everyone by his novel and interesting reading of the part.

Yours,

M.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR DICEY'S PREFACE.

"Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century."
By A. V. Dicey, K.C., Hon. D.C.L. Second Edition.
Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR DICEY has prefaced the new edition of his well-known lectures by a long review of English law and political opinion as they have developed since the year 1900. He endeavours to treat statutes and theories which are still the subject of hot controversy with the calm impartiality of the academic lecture-hall, but he is not blind to the special difficulties of such a task. He feels that in treating contemporary events, in which he has himself been to some extent an actor, "he is no longer an historian, he is in reality a critic", and a critic who cannot judge by results because the results are still unknown. "L'avenir, juge éclairé et intègre", as he quotes from Tocqueville, "arrive, hélas! toujours trop tard". With a humility that is rare Professor Dicey is sceptical as to his own prophetic power, and, although he might well have congratulated himself that recent legislation has justified such forecasts as he permitted himself in the early lectures, he prefers the sure method of analysis to the hazards of conjecture. Fortunately it is in analysis that the special qualities of his mind are best displayed, and his review of the novel and hasty legislation of the past decade, though it inevitably contains much familiar matter, not only shows general tendencies at work, but fastens upon special clauses and enactments which, to the trained constitutional historian, are significant of changed principles. Every one, for example, can see that the Insurance Act is a Socialist measure, but Professor Dicey shows that in one important matter it involves a departure from that "rule of law" which in another book he showed to be a fundamental principle of our constitution. The power of the Insurance Commissioners to make regulations is probably the widest power of subordinate legislation ever conferred by Parliament upon any body of officials, and in certain circumstances, under the unemployment part of the Act, the jurisdiction of the Law Courts is excluded altogether. "These summary statements of the authority, both legislative and judicial, given to persons or bodies either closely connected with, or subject to, or part of the Government of the day, are enough to prove that the Insurance Act creates in England a system bearing a marked resemblance to the administrative law of France." Administrative law has hitherto been avoided in England because of two defects: administrative tribunals shut out the ordinary courts, with their elaborate safeguards for private rights, and they are so closely connected with Government that their decisions are apt to be influenced by political considerations. That is a very good example of how State Socialism, with its inevitable army of officials and their inevitable powers, supersedes the old guarantees of political freedom.

Professor Dicey asks himself why the main current of legislative opinion has run vehemently towards collectivism, and he sets out the causes, like Gibbon explaining the rise of Christianity. He reminds us first that it does not follow that Socialism is true because "we are all Socialists now", as Sir William Harcourt remarked in a famous confession. "Half the history of human thought is the tale of human errors." Perhaps the most suggestive of Professor Dicey's reasons are those which he summarises under the heading "The declining influence of other movements". The enthusiasms of the nineteenth century, nationalism and evangelicalism among the rest, have lost their early lustre; but Socialism has at least the advantage of not having been tried. "The fervent though disinterested dogmatism of the pulpit" is now applied more to the preaching of social reform than to the preaching of religious dogma. Partly a result of this teaching is the general acquiescence of the wealthier classes in laws which are accepted because they aim at improvement of the lot of the poor. Professor Dicey shows

a shrewd knowledge of the English character when he explains this "somewhat curious phenomenon by the combination of an intellectual weakness with a moral virtue, each of which is easily discernible in the Englishmen of to-day". The virtue is goodwill towards the poor, the intellectual weakness is "the insolent assumption", "the homely and comfortable but delusive doctrine that in the political world 'nothing signifies'".

In England at least, while there is usually one predominant school of thought which controls for the time being that powerful mystery, public opinion, there are always at work counter-currents and cross-currents of opinion. The most interesting pages in these lectures show how this was so in Victorian England in matters of ecclesiastical legislation. Professor Dicey notices among the currents that run counter to the prevailing collectivism the surviving belief in the policy of *laissez-faire*, and the inconsistency between democracy and collectivism. These are really both part of that trust in individual liberty; that obstinate determination not "to be druv", which still lingers in the English character. The invective of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc against the servile State is really representative of a vast latent force among all classes of the English people, and deserved recognition by Professor Dicey. He himself points out that "the ideal democracy is government for the good of the people by the people, and in accordance with the wish of the people; the ideal of collectivism is government for the good of the people by experts, or officials who know, or think they know, what is good for the people better than any non-official person or than the mass of the people themselves". This conflict between the expert and the average man has often been in evidence. The expert believes in vaccination, but the Radical of Leicester claims the right, and exercises the power, to propagate small-pox. The Socialist fights shy of the referendum because he fears that the people may not be wise enough to approve of Socialism. He knows so much better than the people themselves what is good for them, and tolerant pity for popular ignorance in no way weakens his superb confidence in the latest scientific nostrum.

The anxious observer might nurse the hope that the Socialist and Democrat, from this fundamental inconsistency in their principles, might be trusted to counteract one another, but Professor Dicey emphasises the danger that English legislation may combine disastrously the defects of Socialism with the defects of democratic government. "Great changes planned by enthusiasts will, if they seem to be popular, be carried out with haste, and, on the other hand, on some occasions a party of self-called reformers will force on the electors changes which, whether good or bad, are opposed to the genuine convictions of the people." This may sound like the pessimism of a man out of sympathy with a new age, but Professor Dicey tries hard to make his Introduction end happily upon a note of optimism. He hopes, but is honest enough to say that he hopes rather than expects, that the English democracy, which now knows its power, may "try honestly to govern with a view to the welfare of the whole country", may "display as much public virtue as the nobles of 1688 or the ten-pound householders of 1832". It is impossible to read the latter aspiration without some amusement. That democracy, ushered in by poets and prophets as the crowning age of man, should now, in the days of its fulfilment, lead an Oxford observer really trying to be sanguine to "hope rather than expect" that it may equal in public virtue the Whigs under William III. or the middle-classes under William IV. ! This, surely, is the acme of disillusion.

All forms of government have their defects, and those of democracy are visible and palpable enough at the present time. The one cure and solace for them is a vigorous national life which infuses into all classes some sense of unity and offers to all classes some active share in the conduct and decision of great concerns. Disraeli knew this when he said that he would appeal to the imagination of an imperial race, and whenever England is touched to great issues we shall feel once more the old current running through our blood. The mischief of the present system is that it treats the

majority as if they were the nation, and excludes the minority as if for the time being it had forfeited all claim to share in the settlement of national concerns. In the past both parties have been guilty of occasional overbearing tyranny towards their opponents, but no Ministry has ever carried such tyranny so far as has the present Government since the passing of the Parliament Act. Although it is not germane to his principal thesis, it is surprising that Professor Dicey should have omitted all consideration of that Act, which was an outcome of democratic opinion in curious contrast with the customary English love of safety and compromise. The general trend towards collectivism, which his book so ably and clearly demonstrates, is in some respects less disquieting than the violent breach with national tradition involved in the setting-up of the Commons as supreme, without any of the checks and balances our forefathers so greatly admired.

"A LASS UNPARALLEL'D."

"The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt."

By Arthur E. P. B. Weigall. Blackwood. 16s. net.

SHAKESPEARE'S Cleopatra stands. That is the sum of all our modern scholarship and uneasy intellectual searching. Historic Cleopatra may well have been a great politician and an admirable mother. Mr. Weigall, in this brilliant and imaginative record of her life, gives excellent reasons for believing it. But Cleopatra is more than an historical Queen of Egypt who intrigued for the empire of the world and bore to Julius Cæsar the son of his intellectual prime. Shakespeare has for ever extinguished Cleopatra of the chronicles, filling the imagination of men so long as her name endures with the woman whose immortal longings yearn down the ages; who transformed "the triple pillar of the world"; who, if she would set a bourn how far to be beloved, must needs find out new heaven, new earth. History grows pale beside her and creeps away. Shakespeare's Cleopatra unqueens the Ptolemies. The mere princess of history has only those baser elements discarded by Shakespeare's woman in the act of death, when, as a lass unparalleled, she lay looking like sleep,

"As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace".

No historic grave upon the earth of chroniclers and statesmen shall clip in it a pair so famous as Shakespeare's ruined lovers. "Think you there was or might be such a man, As this I dream't of?" asks Shakespeare's Cleopatra of Dolabella after the death of Antony; and Dolabella truly answers: "Gentle madam, no". He was past the size of the dull dreaming of Clio recording old days in Egypt upon her careful tablets.

"Antony and Cleopatra", of all the great plays of Shakespeare, most surely tests the truth and title of his worshippers. It immediately casts out all those half-hearted and half-headed appraisers of Shakespeare who hold their small candles to the sun of his genius the better to measure his brightness. There is no use in "Antony and Cleopatra" for rushlights, political or moral. It respects no decent prejudice of the modern preacher or thinker:

"Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutual pair
[Embracing.
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless".

There is no mercy here for the reader whose views and maxims stand on guard at the door of imagination, alert sentinels to keep out all that challenges the propriety and philosophic sanity of a well-ordered life. "Antony and Cleopatra", without disguise, is a play whose motive is older than the oldest civilisation. We get here to the blood and bone of absolute lust. "I take no pleasures", says Cleopatra, "in aught an eunuch has". Is it wonderful that the moralist—the person whose root instinct is to refer his imagina-

tion at every stage to the social code—should turn away, estranged, secretly scandalised, openly hostile? Let him, however, beware of too loudly proclaiming his dislike. He who is outraged by Shakespeare's Antony has no true right to Shakespeare's Cordelia. No one has entered Shakespeare's world with right of true possession who has not put himself, his views and his prejudices, away. Till Shakespeare has made us, under the spell of his genius, as tolerant and free as his own embracing spirit—till we can look at Nature not as an advocate or a judge, but as one fed ultimately by the "dungy earth", with Caliban and Autolycus—we cannot claim to understand the least of his people.

Mr. Weigall does not, so far as we remember, anywhere mention Shakespeare. He certainly challenges no deliberate comparison. He is not concerned with the deathless lover and "the noble ruin of her magic"; but with an Egyptian queen who died two thousand years ago. With this historic queen Mr. Weigall deals boldly and freely. Here are no references and footnotes; none of that painful progress picked out with references and authorities which now is the only accepted history of the schools; no weighing of witness against witness. Mr. Weigall accepts all that is humanly probable—all that helps him to make Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antony and Octavian, real and visible. He begins with broad, indisputable facts; clearly realises all that may lawfully be inferred from them; and afterwards fills in the picture with such details as do not clash with the inferences already made. Thus it is absolute history that Antony brutally left Cleopatra to bear alone the twin children of their union, and that he did not for four years return to her. Compare with this the conduct of Julius Cæsar, who waited for the birth of Cæsarion, and, immediately he was free to do so, sent for his son and his son's mother to join him in Rome. If we take even such broad and simple facts as these to heart and fancy, history begins to live. Already we perceive that from Cæsar to Antony was from Hyperion to a Satyr. It is then the gossip of chroniclers grows bright with significance.

Mr. Weigall's imagination—it is imagination of the natural historian—is best when politically active. His vision of Cæsar's political dreaming—his reconstruction of Cæsar's thoughts and ambitions as he lived with Cleopatra in the palace of the Ptolemies—is a finely fancied mosaic. Never once is probability outraged. Politically Mr. Weigall does not falter. Alexander had won his way to India, and Cæsar had envied Alexander. Centuries later Napoleon looked towards India by way of the Nile. Are we, then, to believe that Cæsar on his voyage into the heart of Cleopatra's realm merely enjoyed a holiday? All Cæsar's later plans—all the policy of his last days—looked to the East. He followed the lure of every great imperial mind; and we are ready to accept Mr. Weigall's belief that the Queen, whom he had openly celebrated as with himself divine, was to share an Egypto-Roman Empire, to be passed in succession to Cæsarion. Who knows what gigantic images of rule, what splendid imaginings, the dagger of Brutus dashed into the dark? The more we look into the mind of Cæsar, the more that foul and stupid crime calls for the contempt and anger of mankind. Cæsar would surely not have muddled his Parthian enterprise as Antony was afterwards to do. It is one of the great tragedies of history that Cæsar's plans were inherited first by Antony, who was never more than a sporting soldier; afterwards by Octavian, perhaps the least inspired, certainly the most repulsive, character who has ever played a great historic part.

We can unreservedly praise Mr. Weigall's portraits of these Roman men. Also we receive his political fancies as inspired history. But, curiously, where his book comes short of its best pages is where he deals with Cleopatra herself. Frankly, we do not see the woman he describes. We see only a great political figure. Perhaps it is the magic of her name which comes between us and Mr. Weigall's image. We shall try again with his Cleopatra, and count it profitable labour.

P.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

"Letters of Edward Dowden and his Correspondents"
"Fragments from Old Letters: E. D. to E. D. W.,
1869-1892." Dent. 7s. 6d. net and 4s. 6d.
net respectively.

THESE books reveal the personality which in his critical writings Professor Dowden studiously abstained from obtruding. The "Fragments" are from a correspondence addressed to the lady who became his second wife. Like the larger collection, they are in the main concerned with literary matters, so handled as to furnish readers caring for scholarship with matter for pleasant meditation. Outside literature, indeed, where he made some interesting discoveries, Dowden's life was singularly uneventful. Holder of a professorship at an unusually early age, and placed by fortune above money cares, he had leisure and inclination to devote himself to letters. Thanks to a happy marriage and his children growing up about him, he was saved from that process of ossification which often steals over the unmarried don. For society outside his domestic and professional range he cared little, but had the more time, in a favourite phrase of his, "to loaf and invite his soul". Only stimulus was needed, and this he found in the young and receptive intellects of his pupils, his most important work, that on the mind and art of Shakespeare, having originated in a course of lectures to his class at Dublin. Besides, he had his share of that "shaping spirit of imagination", as his poems prove, without a touch of which no man may hope to be a good critic of the work of others. Such was the genesis of this admittedly capable interpreter of modern literature. Yet the reader of these volumes cannot help noticing one remarkable deficiency in Dowden's critical equipment; they contain practically not a single reference to the literature of antiquity, nor any evidence, even indirect, of his acquaintance with it! How far he studied Greek and Latin in his youth we are not told. In later life we find him acknowledging that his literary sympathies had been too facile. Was this due to the fact that he had not hearkened to the Horatian maxim:

"Vos exemplaria Græca

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ?"

It would seem probable.

The chief topics on which he dilates in this correspondence are the work and genius of Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Walt Whitman. These, together with good music, were the magnets which most drew him, according to his mood—for it is clear that he loved to follow rather than direct its promptings. In poetry he looked for "a perpetual resolution of disorder by order—victory of the right, and a great background of rude energy and primal force". In music Rubinstein and Joachim were the most potent influences he encountered. "They enlarged, as all great artists do, one's whole emotional nature for ever." He did not greatly appreciate Pater or Rossetti; what really counted with him were the big (modern) writers and the big (modern) effects. He discerned the danger of "trying to say nothing admirably". "This", he remarked, "has been done again and again in literature, and always succeeded in producing a literary vice. If we have nothing to say, in the name of Nothing (if not of God) let us keep our lips shut, we may then chance to hear something". Dowden followed his own precept; he listened greatly, and, we doubt not, he greatly heard—heard melodies of what the soul is here and may become hereafter. He had his "moments of faith and imaginative vision". "I am sure", he writes, "even my errors will be suffused with truth; even in the darkness there will be filterings of day".

Literature, in fact, great as it is, was, with him, subordinate to life—the life of the spirit. He avoided the bookman's temptation to regard it as the end and crown of all endeavour. "There is", he writes, "quite an extraordinary zeal, and not without know-

ledge, among some of the undergraduates about English literature. I am unhappy about this, because I see it runs the risk of becoming a mere piece of scholarship and refined culture, severed from the deeper interests of life. . . . I want them to be literary in order to be something more and better than literary, and I shall try to turn this zeal lifeward and away from books, if possible." There, in a nutshell, is the man and the professor.

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA.

"The Mainsprings of Russia." By Maurice Baring. Nelson. 2s. net.

[Published this week.]

RUSSIA has tempted many pens, and while so much has been written about it and its people it is still virgin territory, a well of inspiration. This is proved in a high degree in the work of Mr. Maurice Baring. We know not exactly how many books he has written on Russia—quite a number!—but he always returns to the subject in his writings with a fresh outlook. He has not only a deep and open enthusiasm for Russia and the Russian people; one might almost say that the spirit of Russia danced in his blood and set his thoughts a measure to its captivating and barbaric music. At any rate he has caught to a marvel the glamour of a land, still misunderstood and misrepresented, in which he is perfectly at home.

Mr. Baring as a prose writer has a rare distinction. He is one of the few modern writers who really have some regard for that baffling and shy thing, style. In these days, with paradox a sort of literary vice, it is a great comfort to turn to a writer who is simple and direct, whose work is hall-marked by sincerity. We have become so "complex" in our methods of writing, as in our "emotions", that the simplest fact is twisted out of all proportion to provide the sensational paradox. It is not writing, it is legerdemain—clever, no doubt, but it bears about as much relation to literature as the turn of a conjurer on the music hall stage. Mr. Baring does not deal in paradox; he sees life much too steadily. It is difficult to explain the charm of Mr. Baring's prose, for while he avoids the garish and discards "flowers" as assiduously as other writers collect them, it is a style at once coloured and lyrical and at the same time wonderfully simple and always serious. There is a high seriousness about Mr. Baring even when he is most playful—as, for instance, when he tells us jokingly that "a love of gramophones is surely a sign of a cheerful temperament". His charm and value as a writer, and particularly as the exponent of Russian life and letters, are two-fold. His work is inspired by simplicity and based on sympathy. Mr. Baring has other qualities almost as rare. He has a natural talent for exposition—not the dry and barren talent of the text-book, but the superb gift of giving colour and tone to facts and making them as palatable almost as fancies.

Mr. Baring has told us so much about Russia that one might almost have thought that he had exhausted the subject. In his new book he has set our minds at rest; we have still much to learn about Russia, though, we learn regretfully, not from his pen. Returning to the familiar *milieu*, he treats it with the same freshness and charm we find in all his work; but the present book is perhaps a more serious study of Russian problems than he has yet given us. It is no longer the surface impressions of a man who has found a novelty and wishes us to partake of his appreciation. His first conceptions are still the same; there is the same enthusiasm and the same sympathy; but he has gone even deeper to the heart of things in this new book which he has aptly called "The Mainsprings of Russia". He has made a serious attempt to give us in a compact and convenient form a fairly complete conspectus of the Russian Empire. We may say at once that he has succeeded admirably. It is that rare thing, a serious book that can be read with pleasure no less than with profit. Mr. Baring is an expert in presenting his facts. He lays them out attractively; they

are like sugared plums! Among the subjects dealt with are "The Russian Peasant", "The Nobility", "The Liberal Professions", "Education", "Justice", "The Russian Church" and "The Government Machine". In the historical retrospect which opens the book, he discusses the growth and development of the Russian people, the story of an enslaved nation, slowly but surely freeing herself of her fetters. This in itself is a valuable contribution so clearly and tersely put that no one need be at a loss to grasp the author's meaning, a great advantage when one is dealing with the dark and difficult problems of Russian history. We should also like particularly to draw attention to the chapter on "The Fascination of Russia," which appeared originally in "The Russian Review". It is not only one of the best appreciations of the human side of Russia, but it is a model of prose writing, worth reams of the average travel rhapsody. Mr. Baring says his object in writing this book is to establish a closer sympathy between Russian and English people which he believes, and we entirely agree with him, exists, and for no other reason. He is now writing a short book on Russian literature, after which he will drop the subject for ever, leaving the field to "newer and better writers". Mr. Baring may never write another book about Russia; what he has written will not only stand as a memorial, but as an example, we hope, to those "newer and better" writers who will follow in his steps. The publishers do well in issuing an important study of this kind at a price within reach of a large public.

THE ENDS OF THE WORLD.

"The Oxford Survey of the British Empire." The Clarendon Press. 1914. 6 Vols. £3 10s. net per set.

[Published this week.]

THIS fine effort of Oxford to present to the understanding of Englishmen the responsibilities they have made themselves reminds us that eight years have passed since a like survey was attempted. In those years there has been no very notable change in the shaping of the Empire, but these volumes are proof of a quickened sense of value in various directions. We are beginning to appreciate the importance of setting out facts and tendencies of Empire in the quickest and clearest way. A man could, for example, understand half the problems of India from maps alone—if he could get them, and many a political blunder might have been avoided if the evidence which maps bear to the inevitable decrees of nature and history had been wisely interpreted. Take one map alone, the bathy-orographical, and consider how much it tells one of the people and their history. How little more would a prospective conqueror require to point out not only the most vulnerable point for his attack, but the provinces where the richest booty might be acquired! Those uncoloured plains of the Indus and Ganges would have guided him, as so many a one before him, to a land where profit was assured and conquest easy; whilst—when it came to ruling—what illumination might be looked for from these charts of religions, languages, races and population!

How much idle talk on India might not be avoided to-day if men would fix their eyes on these evidences of actualities, which are, after all, the soundest commentary on aspiration; and how many ill-considered schemes might have been shelved by an adequate interpretation of such charts as we have here and of others which might be added. As to India, it would be well to show in such form the wave marks of conquest left by its invaders, since thereby much not otherwise easy of comprehension might be explained; and here we should note that of all invaders who have brought a religion with them the British, though by far the most successful territorially, have made spiritually the least impression. True, Christianity was introduced to India in the second century, yet in sixteen hundred years, including a century of British dominion, it has made scarcely a chartable impression upon the map.

A consideration of that most significant fact might have saved us from the mistake of forcing upon the country so much that has been the outcome of a Christianised intelligence and which can never flourish profitably in un-Christian soil. How shall institutions based on a proclaimed equality of man prosper in the face of a fierce denial of democratic premisses? Our boasted tolerance of religions goes ill with our indifference in polity to the religious point of view.

In covering the immense and complex extent of our Asiatic possessions in a single volume the needful compression has led to the inclusion of some material in a not easily digested form, and there is an occasional disproportion in the provision of space, as where Burma obtains but two pages and Wei-hai-wei six. But the arrangement, which does its best to treat India as a whole—in itself a somewhat impossible business—is to be commended, though it can hope to do no more than direct the reader to more extended authorities, and one is glad to express appreciation of a reasonable and consistent system of spelling which obtains, as is not too commonly the case, both in the letterpress and in the maps. The photographs are quite good, but might have been selected to give a more comprehensive view of the country. Mention must be made of a capital article on "Western Influence" by Sir R. C. Temple, which, though compelled to leave so much more out than it can say, conveys no false impressions.

The volume on Africa, probably from the view point of Empire the next in importance, follows the same lines, and we note how little has been left out of a survey of the continent when our own possessions in it have been dealt with; for perhaps few have realised that Africa is more British than any other of the great continents, since it is gripped by our Colonies in every quarter but the north-east, and a map to illustrate the fact is a most curious omission from this volume, which includes no political chart of the continent.

There is, on the other hand, an instructive diagram of the Vegetation Regions, showing the areas occupied by scrub, steppe, mountain forest and grass, savana and hot wet forest, illustrating those incontrovertible natural determinations against which it is so vain to urge the direction of human destiny. A geological map of the continent, so far as it can be drawn, would have been welcome. The small one given of the Cape is far from clear; indeed, it is useless to attempt such maps without the aid of colour, a remark which applies also to the illustration of the distribution of economic minerals in India, though in that case, perhaps, the cost of colour would have been scarcely justified. To the South African section Sir Richard Solomon, whose loss his country has not ceased to lament, contributed two admirable chapters on "Economic conditions and communications", and the "Government and Finance of the Union", and Sir Harry Johnston is responsible for the papers on Zanzibar, British East Africa, and the Uganda Protectorate.

Leaving Africa, one seems to pass from the more controversial continents, and, comparing the Canadian photographs with those of our African possessions, the sense of change is strongly underlined. In the Southern Hemisphere we are shown chiefly rock and hill, veld and river, little indeed to encourage a colonist. In the Northern, parks and orchards, ranches, waterfalls and grain elevators, a suggestion everywhere of power and prosperity. But the other side of the shield appears when one studies temperatures, though some of the isothermals appear surprisingly favourable, unless one's interpretation is at fault as to the meaning of a "Day with Temperature above Freezing". If this denote a day in which the mercury never falls to 32deg., it is difficult to believe that the bleak country midway between James Bay and the St. Lawrence has 250 such days in the year. Yet there is perhaps no country in the world at all approaching it in extent so benignly treated by climate as Canada. Save along its mountainous western border, where rain is rapidly got rid of, and along the eastern rocks of Nova Scotia, the rainfall seems admirably suited to the soil's requirements, and its range is considerably more restricted than in the British Isles; there is no great heat to be feared in

summer, the entire country lying north of the 70° isotherm in July, and though the zero line comes uncomfortably close in January to the Great Lakes, it is a more endurable cold than the damp freezing-point in this country. The difference is marked in the chapter which Dr. Wilfred Grenfell contributes on Labrador. "The cold", he tells us, "is never extreme . . . a temperature of 50° or even 60° below zero is by no means common". Since the very mention of such temperatures seems to shrivel us quite up, the difference in kind may be assumed. The West Indies and British Guiana introduce that essential touch of the tropics where our possessions in any continent are concerned, since as colonists we have never been satisfied without sampling the extremes, our island constitution giving us apparently a capacity for enduring a wide range of discomfort, a hardihood which also distinguishes the Japanese.

Australia comes in a concluding volume to confirm one's faith in such a characteristic, and to produce therefrom a problem of its own. Australia is jealous of its reputation as a "White Man's Country", jealously determined to keep the darker man out of it. Yet here are chart and table to prove that no description could fit it more scantily, the white man occupying a mere fringe along a small portion of the coast, and even there being most unevenly distributed; while, during the last ten years in Tasmania, the last twenty in Victoria, and the last thirty in South Australia the population has steadily diminished, and but for the rush to West Australia in the last decade the population of the entire Commonwealth would have shown a decline.

The population of Australia is under four and a half millions, less than that of London, and spread, not over a few thousand acres, but over nearly three million square miles; and even were it possible to obtain the "fifty million energetic white settlers", for whom Sir G. H. Reid agrees there is room, the continent would still be but sparsely filled compared with the teeming fields of Asia, anxious to overflow into a country to which the white man can with such difficulty make good his claim.

So, as one turns from one quarter of the Empire to another, the problem of each appears. Nowhere can the conditions be called settled, nor the outcome of even the immediate future be foretold. We are part of an Empire which demands an unsleeping vigilance, and nowhere more so than at the very heart of it. The volume on the British Isles should not be neglected, and many of the charts it contains may yield unlooked-for information. For instance, it will be found that Liberal opinions may be looked for where the sun shines least. If the dense patches where only 1,200 hours of sunshine are to be felt in the year were unrepresented in Parliament the Liberal Party would almost be wiped out, and where the sunshine records rise above 1,600, a permanent Conservatism is to be found! Such a compilation, with all its solemn implications, may well make grave as well as proud those of us "on whom the ends of the world are come", and these books should make us feel how ignorant we must ever remain of the problems everywhere confronting our brothers, and reduce us to a due humility when inclined to reveal that ignorance by expressing our opinions.

FREAK RELIGIONS.

"Modern Substitutes for Traditional Christianity." By Edmund McClure. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net. (Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.)

MAKERS of new creeds for the most part seem to come of peculiar stock. If their mental composition is on the whole about equal to that of Simple Simon, it includes also a streak of wisdom that may well have been got from Solomon or the Serpent. Every attempt to grasp their full systems leads into a jumble of hopeless and helpless nonsense; yet in almost every one of them lies an idea answering

to some deeply rooted human desire. But whilst most of the mere folly can be genuinely presented to the public as in some sense new, the more acceptable portions of the dish are usually little more than a well-made hash. Canon McClure has been too wise to make any tame defence of traditional Christianity; he has carried the battle into hostile camps and done hard execution. At first glance an intelligent assault on Christian Science or Theosophy may seem almost a waste of skill; yet it may be wise to admit that Mrs. Eddy and Madame Blavatzky set certain tempting baits by their nets. It is, for example, more than doubtful whether theologians or philosophers will ever convince the bulk of men and women of the excellence of pain. We may discourse on its salutary effects, but we are not "taking any" ourselves! Our anxiety for life is far greater than our anxiety as to standing room on a planet where the death-rate does not operate. Nearly everybody would like to be convinced by Mrs. Eddy's gospel, but her rigmarole gives us nothing new that is worth having. Hudibras and his friends discoursed with equal wisdom on the immortal intellect vanquishing "gross material bangs or blows". Theosophy may seem still less worthy of careful criticism, but its programme, despite all the piffle about astral vibrations, fifth-root races, and the boy Krishnamurti, is rendered speciously attractive by its doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Here again we see the lure of the universal desire for life, and though the promise is, indeed, for life after death, it offers a future under more or less familiar conditions, and, for all our grumblings, we are mostly attached to this world of ours. We wish to improve it rather than to alter it out of all recognition. Theosophy, however, is internally rotten, and the average self-respecting believer in transmigration would do better to become an orthodox Hindu.

But whilst these and other freakish religions may stand condemned through the follies or knaveries of their most prominent professors, it still remains to deal with many other substitutes for the Christian tradition. Canon McClure writes ably of Modernism and the various attempts to give what is known as a "liberal" interpretation to the gospels. Here he is opposing a respectable foe, and his cool arguments admirably meet the case, though we doubt the conflict can be decided on paper. Modern science may have immensely strengthened the defence of miraculous religion by suggesting that Newtonian mechanics do not cover all natural phenomena, but the question of belief will not be settled more definitely from the laboratory than it has been from the pulpit. The majority can consist neither of experts in science nor in theology; for the majority the problem is decided by individual temperament. We cannot easily imagine a dweller in a plain believing in mountains because he had been shown a molehill, and it is equally difficult to imagine the average person accepting the doctrine of the virgin birth through some experiment in parthenogenesis. Moreover, to bring the seemingly miraculous into the field of common life is to rob it of at least half its importance and significance.

Perhaps the chapter in this book deserving most attention is the one on Nietzsche and the cult of the superman, for here we have to meet a real danger to the race. Here we have not an adaptation but a negation of Christianity. It is not a religion of conscious followers, yet it is implicitly accepted by vast numbers to whom its preacher is no more than a German name remarkably like a sneeze. It proclaims justification by success, and its corollary is slavery. Long before Nietzsche wrote, it was the creed of the conqueror in arms, and it may easily become the religion of politics and business. Canon McClure well calls attention to its cynical gospel of brutality. When Modernism has become mouldy and the freak religions are forgotten, Christianity will still have to fight the doctrines that were first set in order by the crazy professor who ended in a madhouse by imagining himself God.

NOVELS.

"Vandover and the Brute." By Frank Norris. Heinemann. 6s.

[Published this week.]

THE issue of this novel, written by Frank Norris at the age of twenty-five, has an interest mainly personal. It shows us a novelist in the making. Frank Norris was only thirty-two when he died, but during the seven years that followed the writing of this book he matured in a remarkable way. "Vandover and the Brute" is a precocious effort which we imagine the author deliberately withheld from publication. It is a far cry from its crudity of style and conception to the finished smoothness of such novels as "The Octopus" and "The Pit", whereby Frank Norris established himself pre-eminently as the novelist of commerce, opening up a rich field of romantic discovery to many writers who have followed in his train. Those who have read the later works of Norris will find a certain pleasure and satisfaction in tracing in this youthful effort a foreshadowing of his powers. Disappointing as the story is, it yet has some good straightforward vivid writing. It shows a sense of character, considerable facility in the handling of dialogue, and an almost slavish following of the methods of Zola. Frank Norris was always a realist, but here in his early days his work is glaring and ghastly, unrelieved by a sense of art or restraint. And in "Vandover and the Brute" he plunged with all the enthusiasm of youth into a subject too big for him, beyond his power to handle effectively.

The story turns on the eternal conflict of good and evil. The conception might have been taken from Stevenson's Jekyll and Hyde, for Vandover and the Brute are one, and the interest of the tale is purely psychological. We watch the crumbling away of a character rich in promise and opportunity, the gradual supersession of the man by the brute. Vandover, with everything in his favour to make for happiness, becomes the helpless slave of his own vices. At last, when he has thrown away his chance of love and lost his fortune by gambling, we are invited to look upon him as a menial in the place where he had once been master, on his hands and knees amid the sinks and tubs scrubbing the stains of grease upon the floor of the kitchen.

It is true the story awakens curiosity—but it is the kind of curiosity to know to what shifts the author will put his character next. Vandover himself never strikes us as real. We feel him a puppet obeying the strings pulled by a zealous master intent upon exhibiting his tricks. And the thing disappears flatly and ineffectively. It has neither glamour nor the magic of vision, and it should only be read by those who know the later work of Frank Norris.

"Tales of Two Countries." By Maxim Gorky. Werner Laurie. 6s.

[Published this week.]

Maxim Gorky appears in a new guise in the Italian tales which, with nine Russian sketches, go to make up this volume of short stories. He has his own way of telling a tale, his style is clear cut and crisp, and in a few words he takes us away with him into the sunshine of Italy or the snow-bound steppes of Russia. Some of the Italian tales are living and warm. The Russian sketches are very like badly smudged impressionist pictures. Were they not smudged they would still be without definite form. They seem to be ideas run amok. But in the first part of the book even the Socialist point of view is chastened, perhaps by the enervating climate of Southern Italy. The definition of a Socialist given in this part by one of his Italian characters would hardly have come from one of Gorky's Russian peasants—"A Socialist is a moral freak who is deprived of all idea of God, of property and nationality". The Socialist is in fact the result not of progress but of degeneration.

"The Hunchback", one of the best stories in the volume, raises a different question altogether, which many reformers might take to heart, that doing good to others by coercion and without their consent is as

immoral as doing them an injury. The best way of doing good is by abstaining from doing harm. The sublimest virtues are negative! Maxim Gorky we feel subscribes to this idea. He believes that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and he emphasises this in his story, "The Honour of the Village". The blacksmith who is head of the Workers' Society, judging a case of libel, remarks: "Let everybody understand that we know the high value of what we want, and that justice is not an empty word for us as it is for our masters". This is, of course, the Gorky point of view.

"The Fear of Living." Translated from the French of Henry Bordeaux by Ruth Helen Davis. Dent. 6s.

This is a novel with a purpose. M. Henry Bordeaux is so anxious that there shall be no mistake in the matter that he has written a lengthy preface to explain. He is one of our many modern doctrinaires to whom we listen so patiently, who theorise about the unsoundness of the world. He traces all our disorders to fear. Men and women of to-day are afraid to face life. They try to dodge it, to escape at all costs from its necessary disciplinary pains. The young men, ever anxious about their health, unable to digest except by the help of mineral waters and camomile, open their mouths only to criticise and to disparage. They praise nothing, like nothing, want nothing, as if they had fishes' blood in their veins. The modern woman shirks the pains of childbirth, while all of us are infected by timidity, fear of poverty, fear of being bored. The selfishness, brutality and callousness of modern life arise from this all-prevailing fear of living. Since Jean Jacques Rousseau we have replaced belief in the goodness of life by faith in the goodness of man. It does not produce the same result. The story which M. Bordeaux uses to illustrate his thesis is not very thrilling. The characters are dummy figures tricked out to do the author's bidding, and never achieve actuality. The girl who is afraid to marry her soldier lover because of his poverty, the anxious match-making mother, the young officer who returns resentfully to Africa—these are stock figures drawn to type. But they fail to move us. The flatness of the novel is partly due to the vagaries of the translator.

"Johnnie Maddison." By John Haslette. Smith, Elder. 6s.

If a very sweet and charming girl is engaged to a man whom you know to be a "waster", ought you, pre-supposing the man to be a friend of yours, to tell? That is the problem Mr. Haslette propounds in his new South American novel. Everybody in the English colony at Santa Malua knew that Edmund Serge was no good. When his betrothed journeys out from England to marry him he cannot give up a gambling engagement in order to welcome her, but sends his friend the unattractive but golden-hearted Johnnie Maddison, to meet her. Johnnie, although he falls in love with her almost at first sight, plays the game according to his light, and through his efforts the girl is kept in ignorance for a long time of the real character of the man she is going to marry. But in the end she makes certain discoveries for herself, and all ends happily for Johnnie. Mr. Haslette has a sense of character, and his book is readable enough. But his prose is often clumsy, and he has a love of the long word. Of Serge he writes that he was "entirely enwrapped in contemplation of himself" and "could not look outside the periphery of his own eyes. The centripetal force of his egotism drew his thoughts inwards."

LATEST BOOKS.

"Aspects of Death in Art and Epigram." By F. Parkes Weber. Fisher Unwin and Bernard Quaritch. 10s. 6d. net.

La Rochefoucauld foolishly said that men can no more look on death than on the sun. The literature of death and the pomp of its ritual is his answer. Men not only look upon death, they turn it to beauty, and even turn it to laughter. This book is a splendid tribute to the debonnaire spirit of man, being an anthology of death in the lighter vein—death in epigram, in

coins and medals, epitaphs and the neat sayings of philosophers and wits. Almost it seems as we read this book that Shakespeare's Richard was right:—

"And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones".

Men truly have overcome Death and can call death their own. They have conquered him, not alone in their fancies of immortality, but in the beauty of their celebration of death in art; in the beauty of their heroism in the act of death; above all, in their resolution to play with the terrors of death. This book illustrates with imagination and learning this victory over death.

"Life of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B." By Edward Salmon. Pitman. 6s. net.

Charles Saunders was one of those who, in the phrase of Montaigne, "was not always upon the top of the breach in sight of his general". He was a man of sober triumphs—never dramatic in execution—without glowing achievements. Wherefore historians have handled him with a singular carelessness. The nature of his exploits never pushed him into a rare notoriety, and his part in the Quebec expedition has been cribbed by the genius of his great military confrère. Mr. Salmon has toiled effectually to give him his due; and his monograph is a challenge to much that has been said and thought on the subject. The chief interest of the book lies in the vindication of Saunders at Quebec, and in the evidence for the complete harmony which existed between the Army and the Fleet. Nor do his services on the high seas alone win recognition here. This sailor who "loved no dish like a French ship" was an Imperialist to the core. Had the country listened when he spoke in the House on the vexed question of Corsica, England and not France would have annexed the island. In the same year Napoleon would have been born an English subject. Mr. Salmon's book will do much to amend the finding of historians on Saunders's position in our history: it may correct the unfavourable judgment which we are apt to form of the man when first confronted by Bromley's portrait of him at Greenwich. It is timely work executed with sincerity and enthusiasm; and we gratefully recognise the devoted and skilful way in which Mr. Salmon has followed his clues. He has added to and corrected our knowledge of naval history at a critical period.

"The Philosophy of Welsh History." By the Rev. J. Vyrnwy Morgan. D.D. Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

Dr. Morgan's criticism of his fellow-countrymen is severe. He knows them. "The average or typical Welshman is a man of large self-esteem, large reflective powers, and large conscientiousness, but comparatively small benevolence." "The Welshman does not trouble himself about logic; even when logic is against him, he believes he is right. What he wants to believe, he believes with intensity." On the other hand, Dr. Morgan admits the rapid spread of the intellectual movement in Wales at the present time; but he ascribes this new activity largely to the power of foreign and outside influences. His general thesis may be said to be that Wales has on the whole gained rather than lost by the action of English and other non-Celtic forces upon her development. This is a view which is always strongly controverted by Celtic nationalist historians; and yet the historians of greater nations are always willing to recognise that their people owe much to other races. It is against the littleness of Welsh ideals that Dr. Morgan writes; but while he criticises weaknesses he is fully alive to the importance of democracy and Nonconformity as the dominant factors in Welsh life. He pays a generous tribute to the good work done by Nonconformists, and he has some very wise and trenchant things to say about the folly of official Conservatism in Wales. Why, he asks, has there been no advance in Conservatism to correspond with the proved advance of the Church? The historical portions of Dr. Morgan's book are excellently written, and there is a very useful chronological table.

"Harrington and His Oceana." By H. F. Russell Smith. Cambridge University Press. 6s. 6d. net.

To trace the influence of theorists on political practice is a serious venture. The contributions of Harrington to English political thought have at least been recognised: the debt of the American colonies to Oceana has been more than hinted at: it is probable that in the reconstruction of emancipated France many of its provisions survived through the medium of Sieyès. Mr. Russell Smith leads us a little further from the sands of conjecture to a more certain ground of belief in Harrington's part in the revolutions of England, America, and France. But he moves with extreme caution. He scents the danger of attempting to explore the indirect influences of Oceana; but in the presence of such "conscious imitators" as the economists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as Temple, Neville, Penn, as Locke or Adams, we are driven to confess that this particular Utopia was no mere literary curiosity "made respectable

by an illustrious name". The author is in love with his thesis—but he never forces deductions. Though the greater part of the book is devoted to an examination of Harrington's historical method, his republican philosophy and the verdict of his contemporary critics, the triumph of his ideas in the States forms the most valuable chapter. Mr. Russell Smith calls Harrington an interesting man rather than a great man. In his own age his proposals aroused a storm of criticism. Oceana was "impracticable". It was "amateur". It was but half-democratic. Stubbe called it "a fine piece of folly", and even Montesquieu qualified his admiration of the author with the stricture, "Il n'a cherché cette liberté qu'après l'avoir méconnue". Nevertheless, many of his theories lived and took shape. Across the Atlantic his political romance almost came true.

"Life for Everyman." By the Right Rev. John P. Maud, D.D., Bishop of Kensington. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d. net.

These addresses were given during a Mission to Cambridge Undergraduates. But the writer is justified in hoping that their message will "reach the hearts and consciences of a wider circle". For though the spoken word, winged as it is by the spiritual excitement of the moment, is necessarily more potent than the written, the impression left on readers of "Life for Everyman" is sufficiently arresting. The Bishop puts his finger on the difficulties and dangers of university life, and while emphasising the emotion of Love as the guiding principle of life he is careful to discriminate between "love in action" and a vague emotionalism abhorrent to the average undergraduate. He is essentially practical.

"The Training of a Working Boy." By the Rev. H. S. Pelham. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

Such a book as this was wanted, and should be carefully read by those whose inclination lies in the way of helping the boys of the town. Now that fashion has once again turned in the direction of vicarious slumming, some co-ordination of work is essentially necessary—some general exchange to prevent overlapping. As Mr. Pelham points out, work among these boys is difficult, hard, and often disappointing at first, but those who stick at it and learn to understand the genius boy get their reward a thousandfold in his appreciation. Mr. Pelham's appeal is specially made to younger men with leisure—and who among them are without it? Boys' camps and boys' clubs, senior and junior, are doing invaluable work, but helpers are badly needed, even an odd day a week, but regularly, otherwise no real influence over the boy can be gained. We are glad to read Mr. Pelham's protest against the stupid custom now so much in vogue of sending children for a day's outing only. They come back tired out and spent with excitement, and get no real benefit. Far better if the money be kept for clubs and real camp outings.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

A History of Painting in Italy, Umbria, Florence and Siena from the Second to the Sixteenth Century (J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle). Vols. IV. and V. Murray. 21s. net each.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln (Francis Fisher Browne). Murray. 8s. net.

S. Bernardino: The People's Preacher (Maisie Ward). Herder. 1s. net.

Recollections with Reflections (Major-General Sir Thomas Fraser, K.C.B., C.M.G.). Blackwood. 15s. net.

Pauline Bonaparte and Her Lovers (Hector Fleischmann). Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Lovers' Meetings (Katharine Tynan). Werner Laurie. 6s.

Diane of the Green Van (Leona Dalrymple); Little Faithful (Beulah Marie Dix). Mills and Boon. 6s. each.

Tales of Two Countries (Maxim Gorky). Werner Laurie. 6s.

Vandover and the Brute (Frank Norris). Heinemann. 6s.

The Stepdaughter of the Prairie (Margaret Lynn). Macmillan. 6s.

The Judge's Chair (Eden Phillpotts). Murray. 6s.

The Widow of Gloane (D. H. Dennis); The Residency (Henry Bruce); The Red Wedding (E. Scott Gillies); Law the Wrecker (Charles Iggesden). Long. 6s. each.

The Last Shot (Frederick Palmer). Chapman and Hall. 6s.

Tents of a Night (Mary Findlater). Smith, Elder. 6s.

Burnt Offerings (Elizabeth St. Michael). Allen. 6s.

HISTORY.

The Economic Organisation of England: An Outline History (William James Ashley). Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

Les Pays d'Albanie et leur Histoire (Frédéric Gibert). Paris: Rosier. 5 fr. net.

Ancient India: From the Earliest Times to the First Century A.D. (E. J. Rapson). Cambridge University Press. 3s. net.

Bannockburn (John E. Morris). Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.

Demosthenes and the Last Days of Greek Freedom, 384-322 B.C. (A. W. Pickard-Cambridge). Putnam. 5s. net.

LAW.

Trial of Mary Blandy (Edited by William Roughead). Hodge. 5s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma.—Orthoptera (Acrididae). By W. F. Kirby. Taylor and Francis. 10s.

Marvels of Insect Life. Part 2. Hutchinson. 7d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

An Everyday Guide for the Secretary and other Officials of a Limited Company (T. Howard Deighton). Effingham Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.

Surnames of the United Kingdom: A Concise Etymological Dictionary (Henry Harrison). Vol. II. Part 9. The Eaton Press. 1s. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The Authoritative Life of General Booth (George S. Railton). Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.

Comment s'en vont les Reines (Collette Yver). 1s. net; Théâtre (Racine). Vol. II. 10d. net. Nelson.

On Life and Letters (Anatole France). Lane. 6s.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A Short Old Testament History from the Creation to the Time of Christ (the Rev. A. R. Whitham). Rivingtons. 2s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The History and Theory of Vitalism (Hans Driesch). Macmillan. 5s. net.

The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis (Graham Wallas). Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

The Theory of Relativity (L. Silberstein). Macmillan. 10s. net.

Immanuel Kant (Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Translated by Lord Redesdale). Lane. 2 Vols. 25s. net.

The New Optimism (H. de Vere Stacpoole). Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

The Essence of Astronomy (Edward W. Price). Putnam. 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

The Mind of the Disciples (Neville S. Talbot). Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

The First Book of Moses Called Genesis, Imprinted in the Authorised Text (Illustrated by F. Cayley Robinson). The Medici Society. £2 12s. 6d. net.

The Sanctity of Church Music (Rev. T. Francis Forth). 2s. 6d. net; Christianity with Nature (John Shearer). 1s. net. Bennett.

TRAVEL.

Morocco (Pierre Loti). Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.

Grieben's Guide Books.—Berlin and Environs; Brussels and Antwerp. Williams and Norgate. 1s. 6d. net each.

Morocco the Piquant, or Life in Sunset Land (George Edmund Holt). Heinemann. 6s. net.

Cambridgeshire (J. Charles Fox). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.

The Real Algeria (M. D. Stott). Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d. net.

British Columbia (Ford Fairford). Pitman. 2s. net.

Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirk (Howard Palmer). Putnam. 21s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Lyrics of the Open (Mary G. Cherry). Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.

The Pig's Tale and other Recitations (Charles T. Drury). Elliot Stock. 6s. net.

The Inalienable Heritage and other Poems (Emily Lawless). Bumpus. Plays: Vol. III. The Fugitive: The Pigeon The Mob (John Galsworthy). Duckworth. 6s. net.

The Brood of Light (C. R. Crowther). Fifeild. 1s. net.

Contemplations: Poems (William de la Caumont-Force). Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, The.—Economics and Syndicalism (Adam W. Kirkaldy); The Royal Navy (John Leyland); The Sun (R. A. Sampson); Coal Mining (T. C. Cantrell); The Making of Leather (Henry R. Proctor). Cambridge University Press. 1s. net each.

Dictators of Mexico (John de Kay). Effingham Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.

English Land System, The (J. A. R. Marriott). 3s. 6d. net; Germany and England (J. A. Cramb). 2s. 6d. net; Industrial Unrest: a Practical Solution (J. W. Hills, M.P.; Professor W. J. Ashley; and Maurice Woods). 1s. 6d. net. Murray.

Essays in Edification (Septimus Ellerton Browne and Anthony Penn Smythe). Nutt, 2s. 6d. net.

Indian Music (Shahinda). Marchant.

Love's Legend (H. Fielding Hall). 10s. 6d. net; The Export of Capital (C. K. Hobson). 7s. 6d. net. Constable.

Mainsprings of Russia, The (Hon. Maurice Baring). Nelson. 2s. net.

Press and Poetry of Modern Persia, The (Edward G. Browne). Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.

Social Chaos and the Way Out (Alfred Baker Read). Henderson. 7s. 6d. net.

Stories from Wagner's Operas (Told by Gladys Davidson). Werner Laurie. 1s. net.

Thinking Hand, The: Practical Education in the Elementary School (J. G. Legge). Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

Traffic in Treason: a Study of Political Parties (J. A. Hobson). Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.

Vital Issues in Christian Science. 10s. 6d. net; Ancient Rome and Modern America: A Comparative Study of Morals and Manners (Guglielmo Ferrero). 8s. 6d. net; The Renaissance of Motherhood (Ellen Key). 5s. net. Putnam.

Voices of To-morrow: Critical Studies of the New Spirit in Literature (Edwin Bjorkman). Grant Richards. 5s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.—The Journal of English Studies, 1s. net; The Theosophical Path, 1s.; The North American Review, 1s. net; Journal of the Marine Biological Association, 3s. 6d. net; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3 fr.; The Journal of the Imperial Arts League, 6d.; Mercure de France, 1 fr. 50.

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THE Stock Exchange being so closely associated with rapidly varying influences, there is always a tendency to direct attention to the more immediate possibilities of the market, and to disregard points which may be of paramount importance in the future.

There has been a fair increase in the volume of business during the week, but in all departments of the House there is a number of members, with a "bear" strain, who declare that they are unable to anticipate any expansion of investment business in the near future. That opinion may be correct as far as the next few weeks are concerned; but it will be impossible to maintain a disregard for the important changes which are taking place in the monetary situation.

The recent support of the Government in the French Chamber has given a decided impetus to the flotation of the French loan, which, as announced in these columns last week, will be for £72,000,000, with a first instalment of £32,000,000 in Three and a-Half per Cent. 25-year bonds, subject to a 4 per cent. tax. The operation will be of the utmost importance to the Money Market and the Stock Exchange here; and the distinct improvement in the markets during the week has been almost entirely due to the impression that the loan will enjoy an over-subscription. This impression has been encouraged by the fact that 1½ premium is already being offered for the stock.

There is no doubt that the big Brazilian issue will immediately follow the French flotation, but its success here must of course depend upon the question whether the terms of the loan are sufficiently attractive to the genuine investor. France and Germany have agreed to the issue of the loan on condition that part of the proceeds be devoted to the payment of debts in which French and German subjects are interested, and it now remains to be seen whether British creditors will be protected in like manner.

The fact remains that the recent uncertainty of these two important factors in the London position is about to be removed; and it follows as a matter of course that the big investment houses, both here and abroad, will feel more disposed to release their reserves for investment in existing securities, which in many cases are on an extremely low level.

Although credit is so plentiful at the moment, promoters of new issues are able to command little public confidence, and underwriters of the loan of £3,096,000 of Russian South-Eastern Railway bonds have had to take up 75 per cent. of the issue, the scrip being quoted at 1 discount upon the Stock Exchange.

The Port of London issue of £1,000,000 of 4 per cent. inscribed stock at £96 per cent. is reported to have drawn better support than many recent first-class issues; but it is understood that the City of Perm issue of £370,360 in 5 per cent. bonds at £93 10s. met with poor response.

Apart from the Continental influences, and the more optimistic views upon the Ulster position—factors which have both combined to assist the upward movement of gilt-edged securities—there has also been the favourable influence of the steady improvement of the monetary position at home. Substantial imports of gold are arriving from South America and Egypt, and in addition there has been a good return of cash from home circulation, the Bank reserve showing an increase of £2,024,000.

All first-class securities responded in consequence, and with sustained support from the larger investment groups, Consols have advanced to the extent of nearly a whole point to 74½.

If the Home Railway market can escape facing a serious labour situation—and at the moment this appears to be more probable than was the case a few weeks ago—there would seem to be a likelihood of the leading stocks rising from their phenomenally low level in the near future. The traffic receipts of the big lines continue to show appreciable advances, the Great Western figures showing an increase of £14,000 for the week, and stocks have risen sensibly above the prices quoted on Saturday last. Great Western has advanced to 115; North Western to 128; Brighton "A" 83; Great Northern Deferred 51; and Districts have risen to 24½ on substantial public buying.

American securities have occasionally improved in company with home issues, but the continued indecision of Wall Street renders speculation a risky proceeding here, and "bulls" received a decided check on Wednesday by the passing of the Preferred dividend by the St. Louis and South-Western Co. Canadian Pacifics have attracted the usual outside speculation, however, and after a sharp relapse to 197½, they recovered to 200.

There was a decrease of £29,452 in the Grand Trunk Railway traffic receipts for the week, but the point was ignored and the market is now practically free of the incubus of the recent outside suspension. The Ordinary stock has risen to 17½, First Preference to 96, and the Second Preference to 84.

Argentine stocks are still awaiting a definite improvement in the Mexican political outlook. Meanwhile the most prominent lines have recovered to about the level of the last "make-up" prices. Buenos Ayres Pacific are quoted at 66½; Buenos Ayres Great Southern at 112½, Central Argentine at 102½, and Antofagasta Deferred are a good market at 160 ex dividend, the total receipts for the year 1913 having reached the record of £1,916,642, as compared with £1,751,099 in 1912.

Dealings in the Mexican Railway department remain entirely of a professional character, and the constantly varying reports concerning the political situation in Mexico restrict operations to a minimum.

The salient feature of the Foreign Bond market has been the relapse of Greek Five per Cent.'s to 88½. These bonds were issued this year, and the liquidation has been in connection with a decreased account.

Paris has been occasionally represented in the Kaffir market, and the Rand group shows a fractional advantage compared with last Saturday's quotations. There is not sufficient confidence, however, to keep the "bear" element from securing control as soon as a profitable advance appears.

Rio Tinto shares fell heavily to 67½ on the news of a strike of 2,000 men, which has necessitated the closing down of the mine, but the quotation has since recovered to 68 on French support.

Messina Development shares, which were involved in the suspension of Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Co. and the Canadian Agency, have become practically unmarketable for the moment. Messrs. Chaplin, Milne are indebted to the company to the extent of £14,930 on current account, while loans to the amount of £183,000 have been granted to the Canadian Agency, and are still outstanding. The securities held by the company against these loans include £160,000 of Debentures of the Canadian Agency, and the realisation of any of the stocks held would, of course, only be accompanied by a heavy loss. It is satisfactory to the shareholders to know, however, that the company is earning net profits at the rate of about £100,000 per annum, and it is the intention of the directors to adopt a scheme for strengthening the company's financial position.

The Government scheme in connection with the Persian oilfield had no effect upon the Preference shares of the Anglo-Persian Co., and the Ordinary shares are entirely in the hands of the Burmah Company. Spies Petroleum shares held steady at 19s., the reduced final dividend of 1s. per share having been anticipated by the market.

The relapse of Darracq shares to 25s. was due to provincial liquidation.

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THE directors of an institution which was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1720, and is believed to have begun business three years earlier, can hardly be expected to move rapidly in the direction of reform. But so successful have been the operations of the life department of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation since 1900, when participating policy-holders were given six-sevenths, instead of two-thirds, of the profits, that a further advance would not be unexpected. Up to the end of 1890, when the original reinsurance method of valuation was wisely discarded, the life office had not proved of much importance; for the premiums for valuations then amounted to £139,291, and there were only 6,306 policies, assuring £4,893,211, in force. However, the adoption of the net premium method, and the employment of the H_m and $H_m(s)$ Tables, with 3 per cent. interest, had a most beneficial effect on the business, and at the end of 1905 the office premiums valued totalled £160,498, and their amount had risen to £216,408 five years later. On the next occasion (1905) the more up-to-date O_m Table of mortality was used with the same rate of assumed interest, and at the last investigation, as on 31 December, 1910, similar tests were applied to the assurances.

As the premium income of the Corporation increased from £221,908 to £313,609 during the ten years in question, it seems only fair to assume that the offer of a larger share of the profits led to a notable expansion of the new business, although other causes doubtless played their part in producing the fine result. If this surmise be correct, it is unlikely that policy-holders will have to wait very long before being given nine-tenths of the divisible surplus, in accordance with the now general practice of the leading proprietary offices. In recent years the management of the life office has been marked by constant signs of enlightenment and progressiveness, and proprietors who have already given away so much may be expected to make further sacrifices in order to establish the business on a broad foundation. How much the stockholders of the Royal Exchange gave away when they agreed to the liberal proposals of their directors is probably half-forgotten to-day, but it should be remembered. Prior to 1900 their two-thirds of the surplus had yielded them considerably more than £80,000 at the end of each quinquennium, but when the change had been made they only received £29,587 in 1901, £52,827 in 1906, and £50,105 in 1911, when provision had to be made for considerable depreciation.

On the other hand, the amount divided among the policy-holders has steadily increased, having been £167,559 in 1896, £177,519 in 1901, £211,273 in 1906, and £256,324 on the last occasion, when the

compound bonus declared was at the rate of 28s. per cent. per annum, or 3s. more than was paid in respect of the 1896-1900 and 1901-5 quinquenniums.

As much may happen between now and 31 December, 1915, when the current valuation period expires, it would be sheer waste of time to discuss the problem of the investments; their value on that date is purely conjectural, although the certificate given by the directors indicates that at the end of last year full provision had been made for depreciation. The yearly reports are, however, worth studying. They show that the life business continued to make excellent progress during the last three years, the premium income increasing from £313,609 to £360,375, the net interest earnings from £121,268 to £141,621, and the amount of the life assurance fund from £3,180,334 to £3,680,326, or by nearly half a million pounds, although £22,000 was written off investments on 31 December last. It is also evident that the volume of new business transacted has continued to expand, the net sum assured having been £910,202 in 1911, £929,804 in 1912, and £990,752 last year, whereas the corresponding totals for the first three years of the 1906-10 term were £648,326 in 1906, £689,374 in 1907, and £660,932 in 1908.

In another way, too, the condition of the business has steadily improved. Mr. H. E. Nightingale showed in his interesting report on the 1906-10 quinquennium that the average rate of interest then obtained, after deducting income-tax, was £3 17s. 1d. per cent., but in the later annual reports the average yield is stated to have been £3 18s. 11d. per cent. in 1911, £3 18s. 10d. per cent. in 1912, and £4 os. 2d. per cent. last year. Larger profits have therefore been derived from excess interest earned above the 3 per cent. assumed for valuation purposes, and an examination of the accounts indicates that the actual burden of expenditure on the premium income, which was lighter in 1906-10 than it was in 1901-5, has been further reduced.

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By Order of the Board,
A. MOIR,
London Secretary.

London Office, No. 1, London Wall Buildings, E.C.,
16th June, 1914.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the British Electric Traction Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Emile Gareck presiding.

The Chairman said that the net revenue earned by the federated companies for the year ended 31 December 1913, after paying all working expenses, amounted to £1,200,000. Of this about £800,000 was distributed in debenture interest and dividends on capital, and as much as £400,000 was held in reserve in one form or another by the federated companies. An analysis of the increase in the total net profits earned by all the companies showed that about three-fourths was due to the tramways and electricity supply departments in about equal proportions, and about one-fourth of the increase to the working of motor-omnibuses. The yield on all their investments, taken collectively, last year was 4.7 per cent., as compared with 4.11 per cent. for the previous year, and 3.77 per cent. for 1911. An all-round average net return of 4½ per cent. was not bad, and a reference to published statistics disclosed the fact that an average yield of 4½ per cent. was high for electrical undertakings in this country in their present stage of development. The proportion of their unremunerative investments had been steadily reduced during recent years and more of their stocks had become marketable. He had no hesitation in saying that considerable improvement had also been made by the various federated companies in other respects. It was clear from the accounts that a larger dividend could be paid on the 7 per cent. Preference stock than the 3½ per cent. for the year which was recommended. Divergent views and interests existed among the stockholders in regard to questions relating to reserves and payment of dividends, and it was very desirable that these differences of view should be adjusted. Probably this could only be done by a reduction of capital. The Board had therefore formulated for the consideration of the stockholders a scheme of reduction and rearrangement of capital. While the scheme, if adopted, would immediately give the Ordinary stockholders some return on their investment, it did not contemplate any sacrifice by the Preference stockholders for which they were not adequately compensated. At the same time, the carrying out of the scheme would improve the dividend prospects of both classes of stockholders by making available for dividends some of the profits now placed to reserve. Whether this or any other scheme of reduction of capital should be carried out was entirely a question for the stockholders to decide. There were five different and conflicting interests to be consulted and satisfied. The Board occupied a neutral and impartial position in regard to the matter, and during the discussions that would ensue on the question they would take every care that no class of stockholders should receive an unfair advantage. The Directors proposed to submit the scheme which they had formulated to a very representative stockholders, including most of those who served on the Committee of Consultation at the time of the rearrangement of capital, and so soon as possible they would send a memorandum on the subject to the stockholders in order to ascertain their views before any more formal steps for the carrying out of the scheme were taken. With regard to the general outlook of the business in the immediate future, he said that the Board believed it would continue to make steady progress. They hoped that an understanding between the two main sections of the proprietary would enable the profits expected to be earned to be equitably shared by all, and that in the efforts which the different sections of stockholders would no doubt make to secure the best terms for themselves the collective and permanent interests of the Company would not be allowed to suffer by reason of sectional differences, and that no interruptions would be caused to the steady progress of the business.

Mr. W. L. Madgen seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

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